JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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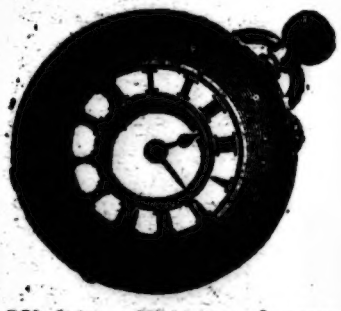

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JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 17.

Because she succeeded in obtaining her acquittal on a charge of shop-lifting

MADAME EUGENIE FOUGERE GIROD
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

and may it always accompany her as a talisman when she visits Regent Street.

AWARD NO. 18.

Because he retained Bodmin almost intact for the Liberals

MR. FREEMAN THOMAS, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

with our best wishes for his reappointment as one of the Ministerial Whips.

AWARD NO. 19.

For "divorce" reasons, unnecessary to be specified,

"THE KIDDIE" (MASTER GEORGE WATSON)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

May his intrigues with his step-mother never lead him a step-farther.

AWARD NO. 20.

We have decided that the reverend company-promoter

THE REV. ALFRED ALLEN BARRETT,
Vicar of Claygate,
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

as compensation for his having lost the action for libel which he brought against Mr. Samuel Kearns.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

Our Belgrade contemporary, *Za Otadzhbina* (which, being interpreted, means "For the Fatherland"), printed a translation of Mr. Vivian's article on the "Servian Shuffle." Coming to the passage, "the regicides were the sole prop of Peter's throne," the translator says in a foot-note, "We omit the name" (of Peter) "because we do not wish to have a visit from the police." The omission, however, did not have the desired effect. Scarcely was the paper published when the minions of the regicides came down to the office and insisted on a second edition. This has appeared, and all that remains of Vivian's article is the heading, *Srpski Kayesh* (The Servian Shuffle), *od Herberta Viviana*, and the quotation about Zimri, from the Second Book of Kings. The three columns which follow are blank, save for the word *zabranyeno* (forbidden), which is printed across in heavy black type. Peter and his fellow-regicides are evidently afraid of the revelations made by JOHN BULL. It is interesting to remember that they pose as the emancipators of Servia from tyranny and as the devoted champions of liberty. By this they may mean the liberty to murder, but they will not tolerate anything so dangerous as the liberty of the Press.

The present struggle between Churchman, Nonconformist, and taxpayer reminds us of the tale of the charitable farmer and the two tramps. The story goes that the farmer, driving home one evening, overtook two tramps, whose sorry condition excited his pity. He invited them home and entertained them to dinner. During the meal one of them (whom we will call Nonconformist Tim) noticed that his comrade (Churchman Willie) had slipped one of the silver spoons into his boot. When the repast was over Tim turned to his host and said, "We thank yer, guv'ner, for yer fine spread, and

now I'll show yer a little conjuring trick. Yer see this spoon?" taking one from the table and holding it aloft, "well, yer see I've placed it in me right coat pocket" (suiting the action to the words). "Hey, presto, pass! It has now gone into me partner's boot, where yer'll find it." John Bull is the farmer.

Every now and again Bobs bobs up explosive in the House of Lords to criticise other people's Army reform schemes, calls upon the nation to teach the young idea how to shoot, and submit his plan for conscription. His latest performance was much like all the others. The professional soldier naturally sees nothing but armies in his vision of the world. He wants to make his business the business of everybody else. He wants to turn the whole nation into an armed camp. He does not want the sword beaten into ploughshares and the bayonets into pruning hooks, but he wants the ploughshares beaten into swords and the pruning hooks into bayonets. This seems to be Bobs's idea of Army Reform. On the whole, we think we have had enough of Bobs. If he thinks that his conduct of the South African war entitles him to pose as the military saviour of the country, we can only say that he's an absent-minded beggar.

It is an extraordinary thing that, with all our military experts, no War Minister has been able to produce a scheme of Army reform to silence the criticisms of the military class from whom he draws his advisers. Scheme succeeds scheme. A Lansdowne is succeeded by a Brodrick, a Brodrick by an Arnold-Forster, an Arnold-Forster by a Haldane. The War Minister who fails inevitably becomes the bitter critic of the War Minister who follows him. What one Minister does the next undoes, until the Army becomes the permanent focus of never-ending controversy in the face of all the nations. All its weaknesses are laid bare. Every defect in its organisation is exhibited. Every muddle of its civil and military administrators is exposed for contumely or derision. This is neither good policy nor good sense, and the nation is weary of it all.

The Queen of Holland is now quite well. It is desirable to make this announcement lest any of the daily or evening journals should fail to do so. Because a lady chances to be a Queen, or a Royalty of any sort, her "prospects" are shouted from the housetops after they have been observed through spy-glasses and lorgnettes, and her "disappointments" chronicled with an exactitude of detail which would be regarded as irregular in a lying-in hospital. Several weeks ago early news arrived concerning the great expectations of the bride of King Alphonso. But accidents happen in the best regulated families, and we think the Press should impose a self-denying ordinance in regard to its discussion of the subtler aspects of regal embryology.

The new potato which has been placed on the market is certainly more than ordinarily recherché, and though we have not yet had the opportunity of including it in our daily menu, we look forward to its appearance there with some curiosity and not a little hope. Its name, as expressed in the language of the schools, is "Solanum commer soni violet." It is blue in the skin, yellow in its internal economy, and is said to combine the flavours of the homely turnip and the epicurean asparagus. If by the time it reaches us its ingenious cultivator can manage to include the aroma of the large Portugal onion, he will not have lived in vain.

The World says Mr. Swift MacNeill is the worst mannered man in the House of Commons, which is an outrage on fact. He is the swiftest MacNeill who has ever been in it, no doubt; but his manners are very much better than those of his critics. Mr. MacNeill, in point of fact, is a cultured, courteous, and genial gentleman, and we don't care if he reads that we have said so.

Madame Fougere, she who hasn't had to go to gaol, left the purlieus of the Newington Sessions after all the indictments had been withdrawn, exclaiming, "Merci, Merci, Merci!" The lady was under no misapprehension.

In the opinion of an American writer, the House of Commons is the best dressed assembly in the world. This may be so, but there are undoubtedly some extraordinary hats to be seen.

Apropos of the noise made by motor 'buses outside Charing Cross Hospital, a medical man asks whether it would not be better to remove the institution to a quieter site. Let our medical friend have patience. The motor 'buses will presently knock the place down.

One of the evening papers is giving away half a pound of Lipton to shilling advertisers. We are making arrangements to present a grand piano to everybody who purchases a copy of John Bull. Further particulars shortly.

We hear that Mr. Chamberlain has given strict instructions that the next torchlight procession in his honour is not to be made in Germany. When he read that question of Mr. McVeagh's in the House he is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, Jeremiah!"

The statement with which the Report of the Joint Committee on Sunday Closing opens, viz., that the general principle of the obsolete Act of 1677 ought to be maintained, and that the penalties imposed by that Act should be increased, must not be allowed to pass without emphatic protest. But, after all, the bark of the Committee is worse than its bite, and little fault can be found with its later recommendations. If sensibly interpreted, they may form the basis of valuable legislation. Every effort will, however, doubtless be made by the Puritans to defeat the more rational aims of the Committee. The Sabbath was made for man.

One of the best cartoons in ridicule of the Government was that which recently appeared in *Justice*, where the beaming faces of the six new Liberal peers look out upon the reader in all the glory of their new coronets, and proclaim themselves the sole and sufficient product of six months' Radical rule.

The following appeared in the *Sun* the other day:—"For the benefit of those readers who prefer being guided by public form, we append the names of horses that have the best chances 'on the book.' Mr. J. P. Barber, Borough Engineer and Surveyor of Islington," etc., etc., and then follows an advertisement of Keating's Powder. We do not follow the reference to Mr. Barber, whose animals, as a rule, don't run, but Keating's always run well, although they are frequently scratched.

The *Sporting Times* recently dished up the old jest about an Etonian who exclaimed: "Harrow and Eton match! Why, you might as well talk of the Players and Gentlemen." But the pink pill does not seem to have heard of Jim Crow's retort when the remark was made to him three hundred years ago, viz., that no one ever imagined the Etonians were players.

We beg to thank the *Daily News* for making the *amende honourable re* our "mangle" story. As our pious contemporary now admits, we are the real, original, and only genuine mangle; which reminds us that one of our contributors, dissatisfied with the manner in which his MSS. had been "edited," wrote suggesting that we should remove the motto at the head of our journal and substitute "Mangling done here." We re-

plied that we would consider the matter, but that, as at present advised, we thought "Repairs neatly executed" a better idea.

We have been favoured with a copy of the *Alliance News*, containing some very uncomplimentary references to the part we took in the recent debate on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill—in connection with which, by the way, the Standing Committee has adopted practically all our suggestions. We always enjoy a ramble through literature of this description. For instance, it is a bit funny to find the temperance hotels calling special attention to the fact that they have night porters; to learn that certain "Gospel Temperance Missioners" are disengaged, and will send their "terms on application"; that other Street Spouters (by the way, when are we to have a Street Spouting Bill?) are prepared to "attract enormous audiences," to "meet Socialists in public debate," etc., and that they should be "sent for" at once, whilst the "summer season" is on. Why don't these people try the *Era*?

The London correspondent of the *Glasgow Evening News* thinks that he recognises in John Bull "the Roman hands of the gay band who wrote the *Figaro* some thirteen or fourteen years ago." We fear that certain members of that band were just a trifle too "gay." Still, we are not downhearted, ourselves.

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement" would appear to be the motto of our daily papers. Surely, however, the *Daily Telegraph* does not pretend to be blind to the fact that the gentleman in the Loughborough Road who "must sell his beautiful dining-room suite," has been running the same advertisement for months, and still keeps bobbing up serenely with the "handsome piano at £11 10s." Then there is the "medical man going to India," who must part with *his* lovely piano, which cost sixty guineas only a few months ago, and, probably because it will not stand the Indian climate, it will be sacrificed for a mere song. Sometimes the "medical man" becomes "a major ordered abroad," and anon "a gentleman giving up housekeeping," but in each case he has that lovely piano that he is tearfully compelled to part with. Passing by the suspicious similarity of these advertisements, it is peculiar that the people who are always on the point of departing immediately have apparently succeeded in disposing of all their other Lares and Penates, and are always left with a musical Frankenstein. And the money they spend to get rid of their incubus! It is really pathetic that this poor major-medical-man-gentlemtn housekeeper should be tied to these shores by a sheet anchor of a piano for which he apparently only seeks a kind home. Cannot some benevolent society be found to assist the unfortunate medical man to detach himself from his piano, and to shake the dust of Albion off his feet, and seek that distant shore where pianos cease from troubling and his musical soul will be at rest? As regards the major, he must hurry up, or he will soon be retired from the active list.

"The Police and the Public" is a cry that has been raised any time these twenty years, and it will keep on being raised until the whole system is torn up, root and branch, and replanted. The policeman is not so much at fault as are those who administer the affairs of the force. The whole police system encourages chicanery and lying amongst its personnel. The inspector urges his men to give practical proof of their attention to duty, and the superintendent looks to the inspector to see that his division shall keep up their record, and the Treasury expects the superintendent to justify the costs of criminal prosecutions. Should all this not be intelligible to the layman, the words of a superintendent of one of the principal police stations in London to his men about to go on their beats will be illuminating. "Now, then, you fellows, I don't know what the devil you're thinking about. What do you think you're paid for? Go out and bring in some fines to help pay your wages and uniform." No wonder policemen tread on inoffensive pedestrians' heels, and that plain clothes men tip men's hats off in public places and otherwise goad the British public to acts of self-defence and reprisal! The police constable is the flywheel of the hidden machinery that spins out cases for the magisterial mill. The officer who brings in the most cases is regarded as the most alert, and is ear-marked for promotion. While the police constable is being investigated by the Commission, the system itself might with advantage be overhauled. "Payment (or promotion) by results" is a dangerous doctrine where men's liberties and characters are at stake.

"If I want money," says a friend of ours, "I go to strangers; if I want advice, I go to friends; and if I want nothing, I go to relatives."

We referred, some time since, to the manner in which British Art is discouraged by the nation, from the King downwards. The close of the opera season at Covent Garden induces us to return to the subject. The répertoire gone through was taken entirely from Puccini, Wagner, Gounod, and Verdi. Thus, French, Italian, Russian, and German composers have monopolised the show—all our native masters thrust aside. The same remark applies to the artistes—every nationality but our own. And now they are off to foreign shores to spend their salaries! Where are the Tariff Reformers?

What is the criminal ratio between a kiss and a kick? Here are two cases from last week's law reports. First, we have William Doyden fined 2s. 6d. at the Tower Bridge Police Court for being drunk and *kissing* a policeman, whilst on the same day Jacob Stern was fined 5s. at Clerkenwell for being drunk and *kicking* a policeman. What *is* a poor man to do when his feelings get the better (or worse) of him?

"The Rudyards" have not "ceased from Kipling," and in the almost certain event of the "Banjo Bard" deciding to face the starter for the next Poet Laureate Stakes, he will stand a good chance of dividing favouritism with Mr. "Spring Onions." The *Daily News* and other journals have, at any rate, given the *Standard* "Poem!!!" the same prominence that is invariably accorded to the effusions of Mr. Onions, who has admitted to an interviewer that he has at last met a foeman worthy of his steel.

Here is another little job for Mr. Burns. Why are not the manufacturers of cheap bedding material subject to the rigid control and inspection of the sanitary officers? According to Dr. Leo Taylor, the public analyst of Hackney, the flock bedding and mattresses used by the poor are made from rags too old and too filthy to be made into cloth. He says that one gramme of white pillow flock has yielded on microscopic examination 7,590,000 colonies of bacteria, whereas sewage contains only about 6,400,000 a gramme. We do not know how the bacteriologists count these things, whether by the dozen or the million, or in couples; but, even if there are one or two bacteria fewer than is stated, there are obviously too many for the poor to sleep on. A million a gramme would appear ample this hot weather.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is rapidly making a name for himself. His latest pronouncement, "La Duma est morte—Vive la Duma," will ring round the world, for it is a clarion note. The occasion was bravely taken. The thing was finely said. Sir Henry is surprising his friends. His solid strength is confounding his enemies. The representatives of the Duma have returned to Russia heartened for their task of regeneration by the words of the Premier of England. The Little Father has heard the cry. Perhaps it will recall to his weak, plastic mind, the saying of Paul of Tarsus, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The Duma, the Czar's creation, dies at his hands only that it may live.

How I Came from Poverty to Riches.—II.

Mr. ALFRED BEIT'S OWN ACCOUNT.

Transcribed by Frank Harris.

In the first part of this story of Mr. Beit, which appeared in John Bull last week, Mr. Beit told how he came from poverty to riches at Kimberley by means of two thousand pounds which were lent him by his father. He told how he met Cecil Rhodes, and how he brought about the amalgamation of the diamond properties at Kimberley in De Beers. The idea itself of this amalgamation, Mr. Beit insisted, was not an original idea of his or of Rhodes's, but was in the air and generally discussed for years before it was carried out. During these years it showed itself more and more clearly as the only possible solution. Both Beit and Rhodes, through the amalgamation, increased their wealth enormously, and made themselves masters of Kimberley. I wanted to know how Mr. Beit came to leave Kimberley to go to Johannesburg.

"Did you go with the first rush in '88?"

"Oh, no;" said Mr. Beit. "I had all I wanted to do in Kimberley. Of course, we heard that the Rand was very rich, and all the rest of it; but I did not think that another place as rich as Kimberley would be found in the same continent; in fact, I was quite satisfied with Kimberley; it was through Robinson that I took an interest in the Rand."

"Really," I exclaimed, "please tell me about that."

J. B. Robinson's Story.

"Well," he said, "Robinson had been rich at Kimberley; but he would have nothing to do with the amalgamation; he stood out and fought on his own, and so he car to grief and lost his money."

"Squeezed out," I interjected. "J. B. Robinson! Really!"

"You see," said Mr. Beit, "it was difficult to work with him, or rather impossible. If you know him, you will know that. One day he came into my office and said that he had lost all his money; that Rhodes and I had ruined him, and wanted to know would I give him something to go to Johannesburg with and make a fresh start.

"I did not know what to say. At last I asked him how much he wanted. He said he would leave that to me.

"'If I give you twenty thousand,' I said, 'will that do?' Of course, I was not obliged to give him anything at all.

"'Oh, yes,' he said; 'how good of you. I can win with that.' From his manner I saw I had offered too much. I went on—'I suppose if I give you this twenty thousand, you will use it on joint account?' He said, 'Yes.' So I gave him a cheque for twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand—I forget which—and he went off to the Rand.

"One of his first investments was to get control of the Robinson Mine (it was held by a syndicate, I think); that didn't cost much, not more than six thousand pounds, and by the end of the year it was clear that it alone was worth a million. Robinson and I separated at the end of the year; he wanted to get free, and I had got a good holding in the Rand. About this time, too, Rudd, Rhodes and Caldicott sent up a representative to Johannesburg, and established the Goldfields Company; I sent up Hermann Eckstein, and later still I went up myself."

The Story of the Deep Levels.

"How did you get hold of the deep levels?" I asked.

He went on: "Oh, that was when Lord Randolph Churchill wanted to go out—in '91, I think. I sent Perkins, the engineer, with him. I went out myself, too. When I got to Johannesburg I found that the Ecksteins and Lionel Phillips had been in negotiation about some deep level claims. When Perkins reported that the deep levels would be just as valuable as the outcrop, I concluded these negotiations and brought up as many deep levels as possible. They did not cost much: many of them, indeed, only cost the staking out."

"Do you mean to say," I cried in astonishment, "that in '91 anyone could have staked out deep levels on the Rand and got them for nothing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Beit, shrugging his shoulders; "there were mining licences to pay. Even in '91 on the Rand there were very few people with ready money who were willing to pay licences on unproved ground."

"But," I said, "Lord Randolph Churchill must have known of it, and he could have staked out some of the claims."

Mr. Beit's eyebrows went up. "I think Lord Randolph Churchill did very well out of it in the long run," was all he said. And so the story of his life's success ended so far as I was concerned to know it at the moment.

Mr. Beit's Will.

Every one is talking at the moment about Mr. Beit's will, and his gift of over two millions to railway extension in Rhodesia and other charities. I had only a word once with Mr. Beit on this subject. After Cecil Rhodes's death I had written an article about him and about his will, in which I declared that posthumous benefactions seemed to me no proof of benevolence, because they lacked the savour of sacrifice, and, to use Bacon's phrase, "were but the painted sepulchre of alms." Mr. Beit expressed his astonishment at this criticism, and thought there was a great deal of unselfish nobility shown in Mr. Rhodes's will, and added that he only hoped to make as good use of whatever he might possess when he died. Evidently Mr. Beit did not like to hear his idol criticised; Rhodes's scheme seemed to him all but perfect, and therewith the matter ended.

Mr. Beit's Fortune.

It is astonishing how much curiosity there is as to the amount of Mr. Beit's fortune. I have no better means of judging this than any other man; but I should say that, even at the present price of South African mining shares, Mr. Beit's holding must be worth twenty or thirty millions. Mr. Asquith's next Budget should show a very handsome surplus.

Mr. Beit as a Man.

I have been asked by letter to tell of Mr. Beit's connection with the Jameson Raid, and other matters which are rather impertinent in this year of grace 1906. I had thought everyone knew that Mr. Beit only went into the Jameson raid at Mr. Rhodes's request; and that he protested against every stage of that mad and stupid enterprise. Indeed, the story of the Jameson raid would only show that Mr. Beit was intensely loyal to Mr. Rhodes, even when he believed him to be entirely in the wrong. Mr. Beit was a good type of business man. He had an instinctive aversion to politics and raidings, and was chiefly interested in such enterprises as could be shown in a profit and loss account. But there was another side of Mr. Beit's nature: like many Jews, he had a real love and understanding of music; and he admired pictures and bronzes, too, though he was anything but a good judge of them, and his taste here illustrates a side of his character which is not generally appreciated. Mr. Beit gave an enormous sum for all

the Dudley Murillos, simply because Murillo's type of sentimental Southern beauty appealed to him intensely. He thought a certain long-limbed angel with uplifted eyes a sort of perfect ideal or model of the beautiful, and was astounded to find that one rather disliked it. At bottom Mr. Beit was a sentimentalist, and did not count or reckon when his feelings were really touched. This was the fine side of the man; the side through which Rhodes used him; the side, of course, which has been ignored by most of his eulogists in the press; but nevertheless, the side which, by contrast with his love of money, showed the breadth and height of his humanity. Of all the milionaires I have chanced to meet, Mr. Beit was the best. He had a great deal of the milk of human kindness in him, quick and deep sympathies, too, sympathies even with poverty, perhaps through his own early struggles, and if any plan of a social Utopia had been brought forward in his time, no one would have detected its weaknesses more quickly than Mr. Beit; no one would have seen its good points more clearly or been more willing to help it to accomplishment.

A Curious Trait.

While getting a subscription once for a charity, I came across a curious trait in his character—he seemed to over-estimate the value of all small sums of money. If you spoke to him of two or three pounds, or twenty-two or twenty-three, he was always eager to show you how 30s. would do in the one case, and how it was possible to attain the desired end with half the amount in the other. But the moment you spoke in thousands, he seemed to treat them as counters. He would jump from five thousand to fifty thousand as if there were no intervening figures. The truth was, of course, that Mr. Beit had learned the value of small sums of money when he was young and poor in Hamburg and Amsterdam, and no one knew better than he did how much could be done with a pound. But when you talked in thousands you were speaking to Mr. Beit the millionaire, who made five or fifty thousand in an afternoon, and did not attach precise importance to either sum.

Few Enemies.

Mr. Beit had few enemies; nearly everybody liked him, and when the news of his death was put about, it came to those who knew him with the shock of genuine sorrow; this cannot be said of many millionaires.

[Concluded.]

ORTHODOXY.

I knew a rigid Presbyterian; she
Had a most pious dread of heresy;
She said that although verbal Inspiration
Most held, they lacked the true interpretation;
Many, though sound upon Predestination,
Still stumbled sadly over Reprobation;
In regular Church members she could trace
Mistaken views about Prevenient Grace;
Even amongst the Elders, error lurks,
One holds that Faith should show itself in *Works*,
Whilst others failed (who saints were deemed to be)
To *thoroughly* dissect the Trinity—
Small hope for such defaulters could she see.
"Madam," said I, "if all you think be true,
The Heavenward bound must number very few,
I fear you'd limit them to one or two;
Only the minister, perhaps, and you."
"Ah, weel!" she said, "I grieve to speak it, sir,
I'm nae sae sure about the Meenister."

NOTICE!

Our next OPEN LETTER will be addressed

TO

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

"THE NEWS OF THE WORLD."

ITS INDECENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

The *News of the World* is owned by a limited company, and has a capital of £200,000, in £10 shares. Its shareholders number 53, and of these 38 are described as gentlemen and 15 are women. The largest shareholders are its three directors, whose names and holdings are:—

Charles Jackson, 47, Eton Avenue, Hampstead (barrister), 5,977 shares.
William Carr, 21, Brixton Hill (editor), 1,258 shares.
George Allardice Riddell, 1, Portland Place, London, W. (solicitor), 4,364 shares.

The lady shareholders of the company are:—
Budd, Louise, 113, Cathedral Road, Cardiff.
Fifoot, Clara, 2, West Grove, Cardiff.
Fifoot, Maria, Ingledue, Penarth.
McAdam, Queenie, 12, Greenhill Park, N.W.
Carr, Jennie (wife of Mr. William Carr, a director), 21, Brixton Hill.
Craven, Apulina, Blackman Lane, Leeds.
Innes, Jeanette, Waldron, Sussex.
Wisdom, Frances, Rosslyn, Herne Hill, S.E.
Jackson, Ada (wife of Mr. Charles Jackson, a director), 47, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.
Smith, Clara, New Inn, Warfield.
Thomson, Sophie, Budleigh Salterton, Devon.
Jones, Mary, 34, Hanover Park, S.E.
Jones, Sarah, 34, Hanover Park, S.E.
Pelter, Hannah, 261, Ladbroke Grove, W.
Bloue, Jane, 462, Hackney Road, N.E.

We would appeal to these ladies—and especially to Mesdames Carr and Jackson, who are the wives of two of the directors—whether they do not think that the following advertisements appearing in that paper should be instantly suppressed:—

6D. brings Lovers' Kissing Ticket, Equivocal Love Letter, a set of screamingly funny postcards, and 12 French beauties, also our lists, securely packed, post free.—N. W. Jackson, 126, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MYSTERY of love, courtship, marriage, complete, largest edition, securely packed, 16 funny photos, 4 comic cards, 4 picture postcards, the lot, post free, 7 stamps.—N. W. Jackson, 126, Tottenham Court Road.

READ This.—An Album containing 70 of the most beautiful photos ever taken, with set of screamingly funny postcards, one full size French cabinet, and one choice snapshot, and as a free gift one special translated French novel, the lot securely packed and sent post free for 2s. 6d. (worth 10s.).—N. W. Jackson, 126, Tottenham Court Road, London (opposite Maple's). Telephone 3760 Central.

RECORD Value.—25 funny snapshots, 4 amusing subjects, and set of 4 pictorial postcards, also our list, for 2 stamps, post free.—N. W. Gold, Prospect House, West Green, London, N.

MYSTERY of love, courtship, marriage, complete, 88 pages, largest edition, securely packed, 25 funny photos, 4 comic cards, 6 picture postcards, the lot post free, 6 stamps.—N. W. Charles, 179, West Green Road, Tottenham.

UNIQUE Offer.—35 French Beauties, 6 handsomely coloured postcards (lovers' series), 12 very funny postcards, and our list for 6 stamps (unobtainable elsewhere). Shopkeepers' wholesale parcels, 5s., 10s., and 20s.—N. W. James and Co. (Importers), Chancellor Road, West Dulwich, London.

6d. BRINGS 16 very funny shapshots, lovers' kissing ticket, and 5 other very amusing postcards, also our monster list.—N. W. James and Co., Chancellor Road, West Dulwich, S.E.

COURTSHIP and Matrimony, and 5 other very funny postcards, 16 French beauties, and a set of 4 beautifully coloured postcards, also our list for 3 stamps; special sets of 6 real photographs, 6d., ditto hand coloured 9d., post free.—N. W. Dorsan and Co., West Norwood, London.

6D. brings to your door set of six Pictorial Postcards, 25 amusing Photographs, an Equivocal Love Letter, 3 funny cards, 1 Spectograph, and 1 Spectographic Postcard; lists included, unobtainable elsewhere, and a free gift of 6 screaming Comic Postcards.—N. W. Gold, Prospect House, West Green, London. Estab. 1887.

COURTSHIP and Marriage, 4 amusing subjects, 25 photos and one novel (in English), also our list, post free for 4 stamps.—N. W. Gold, Prospect House, West Green, London.

SCREAMING and startling comic postcards, all coloured, monster parcel of Lovers' Series, 7d., and 1s.—N. W. Charles, 179, West Green Road, Tot-

We are not prudes, but we feel that this group of advertisements is so blatant in its indecency that the lady shareholders in the *News of the World* need but have their attention drawn to them to cause their immediate suppression.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

AN EXPOSURE OF ITS BLIND-POOL OPERATIONS.

One can hardly wonder at the distrust investors evince towards the undertakings of certain Kaffir groups, when one is faced with a report such as was issued a few days ago by the Gold Mines Investment Co., Ltd., a concern with a capital of £2,000,000 in £4 shares, of which £1,000,000 has been issued. In order to make our criticism effective, we should first point out that the concern is an *alias* under which the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa trades, another of its *aliases* being the South African Gold Trust, Limited. To make the position quite clear, we give the respective constitutions of these concerns:—

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS.	GOLD MINES INVESTMENT CO.
DIRECTORS.	DIRECTORS.
Rt. Hon. Lord Harris *(Chairman)*.	
J. J. Hamilton.	J. J. Hamilton.
Leigh Hoskyns.	Leigh Hoskyns.
Stanley Christopherson.	
Edward S. Birkenruth.	
J. Rochfort Maguire.	J. Rochfort Maguire.
Colonel Edward Frewen.	Colonel Edward Frewen.
H. W. H. Dunsmore.	H. W. H. Dunsmore.
JOINT SECRETARIES.	James C. Prinsep *(Chairman)*.
James C. Prinsep.	Major H. L. Sapte.
Major H. L. Sapte.	OFFICES.
OFFICES.	8, Old Jewry, E.C.
8, Old Jewry, E.C.	

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD TRUST.

DIRECTORS.

Rt. Hon. Lord Harris *(Chairman)*, Earl of Chesterfield, C. D. Rudd, Lord Gifford, John J. Hamilton, Stanley Christopherson, Edward S. Birkenruth, Earl of Verulam.

OFFICES.

8, Old Jewry, E.C.

We have it, therefore, first of all, that all these companies are housed under the same roof. Next we find that five of the eight directors of the Consolidated Gold Fields (plus the joint-secretaries of that company) are the sole directors of the Gold Mines Investment Co., and that the three Gold Fields directors who are not on the board of the Gold Mines Investment Co. grace the board of the South African Gold Trust, with Mr. John J. Hamilton a director of all three concerns. In other words, the Consolidated Gold Fields has farmed out its board between the Gold Mines Investment Co. and the South African Gold Trust. This is exactly what the late Whitaker Wright did with his London and Globe, his British America Corporation, and his Standard Exploration companies.

But the analogy does not rest here, for, like these Whitaker Wright creations, the companies at 8, Old Jewry have been established to dabble in each other's shares, and in the shares of the subsidiary companies of their parent. In the case of the Whitaker Wright concerns it was the London and Globe; in the case of the Old Jewry concerns it is the Consolidated Gold Fields. The latter was formed in 1892, and the South African Gold Trust in 1894. In 1895 the shares of the former stood at 19⅝, and those of the latter at 12⅛. In 1905, when the Gold Mines Investment Co. was formed, the shares stood at 5 19-32 and 3⅜ respectively, thus showing a loss on each share of the Consolidated Gold Fields of £14, and on each share of the Gold Trust of £9. It was under these circumstances and with this achievement standing to its "credit" that the Consolidated Gold Fields floated the Gold Mines Investment Co. "to participate in its future business."

Well, this participation has been so highly successful that Consolidated Gold Fields shares stand to-day at just over £3, South African Gold Trust at just over £2, and Gold Mines Inestment are not quoted at all. At the recent annual general meeting of the latter concern Mr. James C. Prinsep, *the joint-secretary of the Consolidated Gold Fields*, presided. He reported that the company had invested no less a sum than £941,000 out of its paid-up capital of £1,000,000 in buying shares, the market value of which at June 30 was but £526,696, thus showing a loss on the eighteen months' working of the company of £414,304, or over 44 per cent. of the money invested; that for the privilege of being permitted to lose this amount the company was paying the Consolidated Gold Fields, as general managers, £10,000 per annum, and that it was the opinion of Mr. Prisep, the joint-secretary of the company which had incurred that loss, and his co-directors, who are his employers when he acts as joint-secretary of the Consolidated Gold Fields, that it was to the best interests of the shareholders in the Gold Mines Investment Co., Ltd., "not to publish a list of the investments" made by them *quâ* directors of the Consolidated Gold Fields.

It would require the skill of a W. S. Gilbert to do justice to a situation such as the one suggested by Mr. Prinsep. Imagine what the creator of Topsy-Turveydom could have made of a meeting between the directors of the Consolidated Gold Fields *quâ* managers (at £10,000 a year) of Gold Mines Investment Co., with themselves *quâ* directors of the latter concern. Imagine Mr. James C. Prinsep as joint-secretary of the Consolidated Gold Fields, Ltd., writing a letter to himself as chairman of the Gold Mines Investment Co., Ltd., and delivering, opening, and reading it, and doing all this without leaving his office-chair at 8, Old Jewry! Imagine—but the mind boggles at the idea of conjuring up all the situations which might be created under these circumstances.

But to quote the words of our Parliamentary Leader: "Enough of this fooling." The thing has its serious side for the poor deluded shareholders in the Gold Mines Investment Co. whose money has gone to provide a holiday for their directors, who have not only sunk £25,000 of the money of these shareholders in buying stocks from the Consolidated Gold Fields, but have lost more than ten times this amount in buying the rubbish shares of the Consolidated Gold Fields subsidiaries and of those of the South African Gold Trust. And, as if to add insult to injury, Mr. James C. Prinsep (who, please remember, when he is not chairman of the Gold Mines Investment Co. is one of the secretaries of the company which as managers of the Gold Mines Investment Co. has lost all this money) had, at the meeting last week, the nerve to place the responsibility for the huge losses sustained by the Gold Mines Investment Co. on the shoulders of the Imperial Government, whose South African policy, he said, had created "mistrust and want of confidence." He was followed at the meeting by Mr. James Rochfort Maguire, a Master of Arts, formerly Fellow of All Souls' College, ex-M.P. for West Clare, who has elevated guinea-pigging to a fine art, and who delivered himself of the following sensational "ultipomatum" to the nation at large (we quote *verbatim et literatim* from the paid-for report of his speech appearing in the financial papers of 18th inst.):—

"Should the Government not be disposed to give these "Colonies (*i.e.*, the Transvaal and Orange River), the "measure of justice to which they are entitled, *I think they* "*will be able to invoke powerful allies.*"

Well, we are more than ever pleased that Bambaata is as dead as a door-nail, for we have thus got rid of one of the powerful allies upon whom Mr. Maguire evidently depended to make the shares of his Consolidated Gold Fields, his Gold Mines Investment Co., and his South African Gold Trust saleable!

MARKET KEYNOTES.

Outlook for Home Railways.

With one or two exceptions, the Home railway dividends have favoured the optimists. The Leeds, the North-Eastern, the South London "tube," the "Kentish twins," the Great Eastern, have secured the honours so far. The Metropolitan stands in solitary disgrace. Bumper traffics are still being secured by the big trade lines, and speculatively everything favours higher prices. Yet there is nothing very cheering in the outlook if we take a long view. Traction problems are multiplying in a perplexing degree, and he would be a bold man who could see his way for, say, ten years ahead amidst the varying claims of the steam and the tube railway, the motor 'bus and the electric tram, the motor cab and the road car. Millions will be lost in providing new transit facilities for the public. The new methods will not make money, but they will draw enough revenue from existing companies to make matters very awkward for the latter.

Brewery Shares—Worthington's

The increased profits shown by the great Watney Combe combine are a pleasing item of news for Brewery shareholders. The country breweries generally are likely to show better results this year owing to the more favourable hop conditions, and some of the Preference shares, which may be bought to yield 6 per cent., are well worth notice. With the London companies, however, the gradual exodus from the overcrowded working-class suburbs which improved transit facilities encourage is a serious matter. Only those companies with a big bottle beer business are likely to make progress. In this connection we hear that Worthington's are doing well, and the Preference shares of this company may be bought for a turn.

Foreign Railways—Argentines.

Our Foreign Railway hint last week proved opportune. During the past few days Argentine, Cuban, Brazilian, and Mexican descriptions have all rallied sharply. There is still room for recovery in the leading Argentine stocks, many of which may be bought to yield 5¼ per cent. or more. The big reserves which these companies have accumulated during the past few years of prosperity practically do away with all risk of dividend reduction, although even with traffics still expanding remarkably, it would be unwise to look for higher distributions. For one thing, if they were paid, public opinion in Argentina would grow very antagonistic, and a fatherly Government would see that freight rebates were speedily forthcoming.

Kaffirs—Tempting the Public.

What of Kaffirs? We have heard little these last few days of the terrible effects on a well-meaning, honestly managed, and much misunderstood industry of political interference. Instead of South Africa being handed back to the Boers, the granting of self-government has been converted into a positive bull factor. Of such quick changes is your market capable—when it suits its book! It is now pretty clear that the trouble has been financial rather than political.

The Crown Agents.

We have reason to believe that the Government have been considerably impressed by recent criticisms of the way in which the Crown Agents interpret their duty to the Colonies they represent, and that they have decided to appoint an independent Committee to inquire into the emoluments and patronage of the Department. An inquiry of a kind was held not very long ago, which may seem to make the present one superfluous, but this is far from the fact. Mr. Winston Churchill is to be commended for having decided upon an investigation, which, if thorough, must end in the complete reconstruction of a Department which has long been a byword in the Colonies.

Lord Roberts and Elder Dempster and Co.

We learn that negotiations are going on between Sir Alfred Jones and Lord Roberts with the object of the Field-Marshal joining the board of Elder Dempster and Co. The advantage to the company is not very apparent, but perhaps Sir Alfred Jones thinks that as the Union-Castle line has Lord Wolseley as a governor, the Elder Dempster Company board may as well include the still more distinguished F.M.

INQUIRIES.

We beg leave to state that no attention will be paid to anonymous inquiries, but, subject to correct names and addresses being given for our information, initials or nom de plume may be used for publication.

Foreign Lottery Bonds.—Dubious (West Hartlepool).—You should collect through a banker.

"Star" and "United Kingdom" Amalgamation Policy Holder.—The reasons given for ending the career of the Star as an independent office do not seem conclusive, but the proposal to amalgamate has received the necessary support, and the time has gone for discussion.

Japanese Bonds.—Anxious (Bristol).—The statement as to the immense increase in the debt charge is accurate, and points to the necessity for a large expansion in the business of the country, but there is every reason to believe that that expansion is taking place. The finances of Japan are managed with great prudence.

Loan Without Security.—F. S. (Kensington).—We know nothing of the firm you name, but the loan without security is all nonsense, as you will find if you go to them.

Kaffirs.—In for a Flutter (Putney).—It is a toss up. There are good reasons for and against. Probably the rise is largely due to reaction after long-drawn depression; partly, too, perhaps, to the gold output, and again to the bear account, and a notion that the long-continued fall has left the shares cheap. On the other hand there are the holidays, and a nineteen day account—and Russia. You pay your money and you take your chance, as one should who wants to "flutter."

London Motor Omnibus Company. — Motor (Clap—We will reply after making some inquiries. Your letter only reached us as we were going to press.

Provident Association of London.—One Who Knows Something (Deptford).—We do not think you mean to be offensive, and so we answer your letter. You want to know why we told a correspondent last week that the Provident Association of London is financially strong, and is well managed. We said so because we believe it. You say you know it to be a "swindle." You do not attempt to justify that statement. We believe it to be quite untrue, but if you have proofs to warrant your opinion, and you will submit them to us, we will give them due publicity. Meantime you will forgive us for refusing to believe that you have any such proofs, and for repeating our opinion that the Association is financially strong, and admirably managed.

Japan 4½ per Cent.—S. S. S. (Dublin).—(1) They represent a sound security. The war has left Japan with a heavy debt charge, but the expansion of her trade will enable her to meet it without difficulty. (2) We will give you the list of investments you ask for next week.

Nutriole Company.—M. J. D. (Hull).—We know nothing about this company, but if as you say they are issuing "a guide to full pockets," we advise you to leave their shares to the people of Chicago, from whence apparently the company comes.

Genuine Lottery.—Doubtful (Bridgwater).—The lottery is genuine enough in the sense that the prizes named, or some of them, are distributed, but they very seldom find their way to this country, and we do not advise you to send any money to the people who run the lottery, notwithstanding its highly respectable Saxony patronage.

Charing Cross.—Engiadina.—It is not a bank in the ordinary sense of the term, but rather a money-lending institution of the usurious kind. It has been doing business many years, and we know nothing to its discredit.

Provident Association of London.—S. P. G. (Hornsey).—The Association is financially strong. It has now been running something like a quarter of a century, and you may rely upon its treating you fairly.

Associated Newspaper Press.—B. J. C. (Fulham).—Quite safe at present, but do not advise holding.

London and Paris Exchange.—H. W. (Harlesden) and T. H. (Milford).—Our answer is always the same—namely, that you have practically no chance whatever of winning in gambling under such conditions.

Homesteads.—Republique (Llangollen).—We think the terms reasonable.

London and Paris Exchange.—Doubtful (Pontypool).—Close the account. There is no profit in it.

Outside Firm.—P.G. (Dublin).—Send us the papers. The other matter is progressing satisfactorily.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

The Value of Receipts.

At the Wood Green County-court the other day a man was sued for eleven shillings, balance of account. His defence was a receipt "in settlement of all claims." The genuineness of the receipt was not denied, nor was it suggested that any goods had been obtained since it was given, but the plaintiff pleaded that it was given in error, whereupon the following conversation took place between Judge Edge and the defendant:—

Defendant: Why am I here? Here is his receipt.

Judge Edge: If he agreed to take it in settlement he could cry off afterwards. You must pay in two instalments, or be committed for seven days.

Defendant: Then black and white counts for nothing?

Judge Edge: No, it counts for nothing in this case.

Defendant: What is the good of giving a receipt in full settlement if it is not in full settlement?

Judge Edge: A man who has a debt owing to him, and agrees to take one-half, is not bound by that agreement unless there is some consideration for it.

Of course, the judge was right so far as the law goes, but it is a strange law that allows a creditor to agree to waive a portion of his debt, to put the agreement in writing, and then to be able to cry off. How many people who are not lawyers know that without "consideration" an agreement is not a contract enforceable at law unless it be made by deed, a deed always "importing a consideration." Some little time ago there came under our notice a case which illustrates the injustice that may be done under this law. A young man had borrowed from a lady £100. She was under many obligations to his family, and was glad to help him. She was a woman of means, and the loan saved him from bankruptcy. There was an understanding that he would repay when he could do so without inconvenience. Some time passed, and he saw little likelihood of being able to make the repayment. He put the case before his friend, who immediately wrote to him to say that she would make him a present of the money, and there, as he thought, the matter ended. Soon afterwards the lady died, and in due course the borrower received a letter from her executors demanding payment of the £100. He explained the circumstances, and produced the letter making the loan a gift. The answer was that there was no consideration and consequently he must pay the money. He went to his lawyers, they told him it was a hard case, but he must pay, and he had to pay. That may be law, no doubt it is, but to the lay mind it seems very far from equity.

Directors and Proxies.

An important decision has recently been given by Mr. Justice Warrington upon the question whether the directors of a joint stock company are justified in using the funds of the company for the purpcse of sending out proxy papers, circulars, or letters calculated to obtain for the directors, or otherwise to influence, the votes of stock or share holders of the company. The action was taken by shareholders in the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the facts were not in dispute. Mr. Justice Warrington held that he was bound by the decision of Mr. Justice Kay in the case of Studdart v. Grosvenor, a decision adverse to the right claimed by the directors. Mr. Justice Kay held that the right to send out proxy papers and circulars at the company's expense would "practically give the directors power to determine in such manner as they might think fit any question that might arise at such meeting. Few of the shareholders would attend the meeting, and the majority of the proxies filled up would appoint the directors named only, and would be sufficient in number to determine any disputed question that might arise."

Mr. Justice Kay had "no hesitation" in describing this as "an improper mode of persuading." He held that "the directors have no right to employ the funds of the company to get into their own hands the majority of the voting power." Mr. Justice Warrington considers himself bound by this decision, but it is a little surprising that the point has not gone to the higher Courts. The case before Mr. Justice Warrington will probably be taken to the House of Lords, and it will be very convenient to have a final decision upon the point. It does not seem quite such plain sailing as Mr. Justice Kay seems to have thought. It may be practially impossible to get together the majority of shareholders in a company, and to assume that they will sign anything the directors may ask them to sign, and give their support, by means of proxies, to any proposals the directors may make, however inexpedient those proposals may be, is to assume a good deal. Anyway, if shareholders have the facts put before them and they choose to show blind confidence in the directors, that is their lookout; they will have to pay the penalty if the confidence is misplaced. On the other hand, it may be very desirable in the interests of the company that shareholders who cannot attend a meeting should have the opportunity of voting on proposals that may materially affect the future of their property.

Mr. Justice Bigham.

It seems that Mr. Justice Bigham objects to the law which permits suit for breach of promise of marriage, but that is no good reason why he should over-ride the law. Some weeks ago a young woman brought an action against a plumber for breach of promise to marry. The facts do not appear to have been in dispute. It was simply a question of damages, and addressing the jury on that point, Counsel for the plaintiff asked them to have regard to the position of the defendant, and not to give heavy damages, which might mean bankruptcy to the man without advantage of any kind to the plaintiff. It was very sensible advice, for it is a very poor service to a plaintiff to give heavy damages which the circumstances of the defendant may make it impossible for him to pay. In summing up, Mr. Justice Bigham took occasion to tell the jury that he agreed with a great judge, who had given it as his opinion that breach of promise cases ought not to be brought, and he went on to note and approve the suggestion of Counsel as to damages. The jury, having in mind the admonition of Counsel and of Judge, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages ten pounds, whereupon Mr. Justice Bigham held that there was good cause—the "good cause" required by the Act—to deprive the defendant of costs. Against this judgment the plaintiff appealed, and the Court of Appeal made very short work of it. But really it is too bad that a judge should take it upon himself to over-ride the law in this way. This young woman had a good cause of action, she was not able to bring it in the County Court as she would have been if the law were what it ought to be, and so it came before Mr. Justice Bigham, and because he objects to breach of promise cases he deliberately over-rides the law, ignores the verdict of a jury, and compels the plaintiff to go to the Court of Appeal in order to get her costs paid. We are sometimes tempted to think that for actions like this the judge should be liable to some penalty, for it is not a case of that infirmity of judgment to which all are liable at times, but of a desire to flout a law which does not happen to meet with the approval of the judge who has to administer it.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Johnson (Bedford).—Provided there is power in the memorandum of Association, and such power is quite usual, a limited liability company can purchase shares in another similar company.—Refer to Buckley on the Companies Acts for the case law.

Clare.—Turf commission agency is what we presume you refer to. Each case must be decided by what actually takes place, and a distinction must be drawn as to ready-money bets. There is no question of licensing or of registration. To open such an office publicly is to court inquiry, and is risky.

Aske (Hertford).—The agent acted strictly within the terms of the instructions given to him, and his principal is bound by the contract.

Fletcher (Weston-super-Mare).—The settlement will hold good against the execution creditor. You should certainly fight the interpleader summons.

Benham (Guildford).—We have made inquiries. The allotment was regular, and is binding upon you. Proceedings would be a further waste of money.

Gibson (Stamford).—Effect an insurance on the contingency of the son surviving the mother, and apply to one of the Reversionary Interest Societies.

Foster (Chiswick).—Bring an action for delivery up of the goods and damages for their detention. This will probably at once effect what you require.

Ross (Glasgow).—The mother takes half the property. The children of the stepson the other half in equal shares.

Bullock (Winchester).—You are liable under the guarantee given to the bankers. If you are satisfied that the security held by the bankers is more than sufficient to cover their claim, you had better pay them off, take over their securities, and realise yourself.

SHAMS.

BILE BEANS.

It is a curious fact that the quack flourishes most, not, as might be supposed, in Russia, or Turkey, or Armenia, or Egypt, or in other dark corners of the earth, but in what is supposed to be the very focus of intellectual and rational light and life—the United States of America, and, in a lesser degree may be, but still to a large extent, in our own happy land. Thus in America we see the strange spectacle of enormous numbers of people, sane and even intelligent so far as the ordinary concerns of life go, believers in the Reverend Mary Baker Eddy, head of a sect numbering half a million or more of followers far above the average American in wealth and culture, a woman who, sitting at the bedside of a patient suffering from cancer of the stomach, is not ashamed to offer up a prayer, of which the following are some of the concluding sentences:—

"Holy Reality! We believe in Thee that Thou art everywhere present. We really believe it. Blessed Reality, we do not pretend to believe, think we believe, believe that we believe. We Believe. Believing that Thou are everywhere present, we believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom, that Thou are the sole, only reality of the stomach. We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such thing as a really diseased stomach, that the disease is the Carnal Mortal Mind given over to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, that the Mortal mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the Harmatia of Thought. . . . Lord held up to believe that All Evil is Utterly Unreal, that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God to say 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm with our hand in Your Hand, with our eyes fixed upon Thee, that we have no Dyspepsia, that we never had Dyspepsia, that we never will have Dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, there never will be any such thing. Amen."

This is the blasphemous drivel that is swallowed by the intelligent American! We do not know that in this country we have anything quite like it, but we are getting on. In course of time most of the American quackeries come to us, and we take kindly to many of them. It is not a lasting love as a rule, but it is hot whilst it lasts. Amongst the most blatant preyers upon British credulity are the concoctors of Bile Beans. Even in that virtuous print, the *Daily News*, we see flaring advertisements of Bile Beans, and what Bile Beans will do in the way of cure of disease. According to the advertisement statements, a man named Charles Forde, travelling amongst the natives of Australia, was struck by their freedom from disease, and inquiry showed it to be due to the use of certain vegetable substances. These substances Charles Forde secured, and moved by the thought of what immeasurable blessings he might confer upon his fellow men by placing them within their reach, he took the substances to the United States, where they gave birth to the Bile Bean, which in due course found its way to this country. That is the story as told by the people who own the Bile Bean Business, and it has been swallowed by many thousands of our countrymen. The people who run the Bile Beans show have been raking in the dollars in a very wholesale manner, but if there is one thing stronger than the credulity of the public when the quack appeals to him in print, it is the folly of the quack in venturing into Court. One would imagine this would be about the last place he would want to go to, but after a time his contempt for the public intelligence seems to grow into contempt for Courts of Law, and so we find the Bile Beans Manufacturing Company applying for an injunction against an Edinburgh chemist—who has been selling certain pills under the name of Bile Beans—in the Scottish Courts. There they have a refreshing bluntness of speech, and in dismissing the application of the Company for an injunction, Lord Ardwell, in the Outer House, made the following observations:—

"He said there was no doubt in his mind that the business of the Petitioners was one founded entirely upon fraud, impudence, and advertisements, although it might be that the pill was as effective as any ordinary pill so compounded as to act as a cholagogue, or as an ordinary laxative medicine, but it seemed certain that these Beans would never have taken the hold of the public they had done except for the foundation fiction of their being the product of a great discovery of an ancient Australian medicine by an eminent scientist, using the most advanced scientific methods and apparatus."

That is pretty strong, but not stronger than the observations of the Lord Justice Clerk, who said, amongst other things:—

"The Bile Beans of the complainers were said to be made of Australian vegetable substances discovered by a Charles Forde. The place of the discovery, the mode of it, and the instrument of it, were all deliberate inventions without any foundation in fact. . . . There was never such a person as Charles Forde, and there was no eminent scientist engaged in such research in Australia. The truth was that the complainers had formed a scheme to palm off upon the public a medicine obtained from America, and they created a demand by flooding the country with advertisements, placards, pamphlets, and imaginary pictures."

One may assume that after these observations, made by two of the most eminent judges in Scotland, the people of Scotland will not be large consumers of Bile Beans. We do not know how that may be, but for the benefit of those in England who do not read Scotch Law reports, and who may read and believe the Bile Beans advertisements published broadcast over the country, we have reproduced the judicial utterances quoted above. And we may perhaps add, for the benefit of the curious, the approximate ingredients of the Bile Beans pill as given by Dr. Hutchinson, at the London Hospital, a year or two ago. These ingredients are Cascara, Rhubarb, Liquorice, and Ol. Menth. Pip. coated with Gelatine. The concoction would seem to be harmless enough, and we are assured that many quite intelligent people swear by the pills. The only possible explanation is Dr. Scholfield's, that drugs come in a sense under the head of Unconscious Therapeutics.

FISH ON FRIDAY.

'Twas Friday, the dinner was served at the inn,
The mutton was scanty, ill-favoured, and thin;
And, however judiciously carved, seemed scarce able
To suffice for a slice for one-half at the table.
On one dish a nice cutlet of salmon was placed,
That gladdened the eyesight and whetted the taste;
Hungry Pat, who sat near it, looked out for a treat,
And exclaimed "A good Catholic mustn't eat meat!
So, sirs, by your leave, I'll e'en feed upon fish."
Thus saying, he quietly collared the dish.
But a brother Hibernian, who sat at the board,
And longed for a portion, with vehemence roared:
"Hands off wid ye, spalpeen! be betther behaved,
Is there none but yourself has a sowle to be saved?"

Pat proceeded to eat, but first looking around,
To see who had uttered so warlike a sound,
Replied, as his mouth with a spoonful he crammed,
"Be aisy, O'Grady, you're *safe* to be damned."

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

John Bull.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

"Mave," by Randal Charlton (Methuen).

How good it is after long wanderings through books recommended by the "Times," puffed by this paper and by that, to come across a real book at last, a book written by someone who can write, who knows what words are, and uses them with a subtle sense of their perfume and beauty, their value in association.

Mr. Randal Charlton not only knows how to write, but has passion in his blood, a pulse of youthful virility, and a knowledge of the worth of common life as a background—everything that the writer of a love story needs, and he has written a love story, "Mave," which for a couple of hundred pages is a pure delight. Here is the description of Mave:—

"She was a white, rose-bosomed creature, all dewy and fay-like, with night in her hair. Her eyes were troublous with waking womanhood. Although slender, she was dimpled in parts, about the arms and hands almost like a babe. Her body was young, just mellowing to ripeness, and exquisite with suggestion and fair promise. Her mouth was chaste, the lips carved in tender curves."

Now that is good to read, in spite of the old stereo, "eyes troublous with waking womanhood," which is mere piffle. And the love-making is innocent, passionate, touched to beauty by tenderness on the part of the man and by the perfect confidence and self-surrender of Mave. Here is a piece of excellent description:—

"It did not strike him in any way strange that Mave should ask for his kisses. In any other woman the action would have been monstrous, but with Mave one became insensibly reconciled to the freedom of the woods. One saw life with a new perspective, and the conventions became indecent. . . . . Robert held Mave to him and drew upon her lips, and she gave him freely of herself in tremulous wonderment and dumb desire that panted for expression in a kiss. She sighed deeply and slid down on to his breast, all her dark tresses unribboned and her whiteness flushed with fervent warmth."

A Melodramatic End.

Reading passages like these, it seemed to me that I had come upon another great English love story, one worthy to be mentioned even with the divine idyll in "Richard Feveril." For not only are the lovers here realised sufficiently, and in themselves original—interesting, but the spirit of evil, in the form of a religious fanatic, one Daniel Deacon, is excellently woven in, and when we find Deacon falling in love with Mave, who has been confided to his care, and get a glimpse of the struggle between passion and religion in the Puritan's soul, it really seems as if the love story were growing to higher heights.

But alas for one's hopes! About two hundred first-rate pages, and then the story falls away into sheer melodrama.

Even the style is not a certain element of joy. Now and then it is splendid, as in the following:—

". . . . . It was the child in Mave that sanctified the girl; the spirit of the eternal child who peers out upon this fractious world from the white may bushes abloom on the marge of heaven."

Now and then sheer bad:—

". . . . . She knew herself to be at last a woman, filled with a sacred craving for motherhood, and finally purged of girlhood's elusive deceits and meandering spirit journeys amidst moon-fed prospects of glamoured futurities."

But if the style is forgivable, even at its worst, the wretched melodrama is not to be pardoned. The book reminds me of one of those pictures of mermaids—all the face and body beautiful, and instead of gracious white limbs, a wretched fin-finding—animal, horrible!

Plenty of gift, but—

The worst of it is one feels that it is not lack of temperament or of elemental gift in Randal Charlton that has failed, but sheer want of brains. In all great art, as Goethe said, the architecture is all right; but, alas, in this book it is the architecture that is at fault, fatally to seek.

But still, Mr. Randal Charlton is, I imagine, a young writer. This book is of 1906, and if it is a first book, as seems probable, goodness knows what he may do yet. He may give us better than "Mave," and, after all, "Mave" stands out among the books of the year as an artist's work amid the crude attempts of schoolboys, reporters, and feeble-foolish persons who can neither write, nor think, nor feel, It is because of his high accomplishment that I would beg Mr. Randal Charlton not to use "rose" too much, nor yet such forms as "quietened," nor such a description as this of the ill-tempered mare: "She stood something between fifteen and sixteen hands high; of mighty girth; the back broad the chest square, and the shoulders knit with muscular strength." "The back broad, the chest square" shows that Mr. Randal Charlton knows little or nothing about a well bred horse. But I cannot close with criticism, I want to thank Mr. Charlton for an hour's keen enjoyment.

"The House of Souls," by Arthur Machen (Grant Richards).

"The House of Souls" is the name given by Mr. Machen to a collection of half a dozen so-called short stories; but which might be better called "compressed novels," for there is in each of them more thought, more temperament, more power than you may easily meet in a shelf full of novels. Mr. Machen has a sense of horror, a sense, if you like it better, of the spirit of evil which is very extraordinary, and which he conveys to the reader with astonishing power. For he is not an adolescent, like Randal Charlton, filled with the hot, new wine of life, bubbling over with love of words and delight in living; Mr. Machen has come to his kingdom, knows exactly what effects he wants, and compasses his end with economy of means. Perhaps the most successful story in the book is that named "The Great God, Pan," which begins with a knavish scientific experiment played by a doctor on an innocent girl, and ends in horror unspeakable. The confession of failure and mistake in the last page is fine:—

". . . . . I played with energies which I did not understand, and you have seen the ending of it. Helen Vaughan did well to bind the cord about her neck and die, though the death was horrible. The blackened face, the hideous form upon the bed, changing and melting before your eyes from woman to man, from man to beast, and from beast to worse than beast, all the strange horror that you witnessed, surprises me but little. What you say the doctor you sent for saw and shuddered at, I noticed long ago. I knew what I had done the moment the child was born, and when it was scarcely five years old I surprised it, not one or twice, but several times, with a playmate, you may guess of what kind. It was for me a constant, an incarnate horror, and after a few years I felt I could bear it no longer, and I sent Helen Vaughan away. You know now what frightened the boy in the wood. The rest of the strange story, and all else that you could tell me, as discovered by your friend, I have contrived to learn from time to time, almost to the last chapter. And now Helen is with her companions."

An Excellent Story

I shall say nothing more about the terrible stories in this book except to say that there they are, and that the people who still keep their childish instincts and childish beliefs untouched will find shivering delight in such excellent stories as "The Great God Pan," "The Inmost Light," "The Three Impostors," etc.; but I much prefer the first story, called "A Fragment of Life," in which there is nothing terrible. The story begins with a little description of a clerk's home life with his wife, an ordinary London clerk, and just when we know the clerk and his wife, and begin to wonder when the story is coming, Mr. Machen sets his clerk dreaming, breaks down the walls of the ordinary that gird him round about, and gives his soul freedom in the wider world of the mystic and visionary, and forthwith the story becomes entrancing. But let me again use Mr. Machen's own words, for they would be hard to better:—

"So day by day the world became more magical; day by day the work of separation was being performed, the gross accidents were being refined away. . . . . Our stupid ancestors taught us that we could become wise by studying books on 'science,' by meddling with test-tubes, geological specimens, microscopic preparations, and the like; but they who have cast off these follies know that they must read not 'science' books, but mass-books, and that the soul is made wise by the contemplation of mystic ceremonies and elaborate curious rites. . . . . It was thus that he found in the ritual of the church a perfect image of the world; an image purged, exalted, and illuminate, a holy house built up of shining and translucent stones, in which the burning torches were more significant than the wheeling stars, and the fuming incense was a more certain token than the rising of the mist. His soul went forth with the albed procession in its white and solemn order, the mystic dance that signifies rapture and a joy above all joys, and when he beheld Love slain and rise again victorious, he knew that he witnessed in a figure the consummation of all things, the bridal of all bridals, the mystery that is beyond all mysteries, accomplished from the foundation of the world. So day by day the house of his life became more magical."

AMONG THE THEATRES.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

"You Never Can Tell," by G. B. S.

"You Never Can Tell" is one of Mr. Shaw's most pleasant plays. It is well that the English language is rich in substantives, for if it had not possessed this substantive "play," one could hardly describe this work in one word. "You Never Can Tell" is not a comedy; the characters are too fantastic, the situations too improbable, for comedy, and it certainly is not a farce, though the characters and situations are farcical in the extreme. It is all topsy-turvey; pure fantasy; light-hearted fooling; with just enough of a pretty little love story to redeem it from utter nonsense, so it becomes a play, and as a play it is amusing till one gets to the love interest, and then one is delighted, for the love story is modern and charming.

A Dentist from "Cloudcuckooland."

"You Never Can Tell" reminds me a little of Mr. Gilbert's work; but Mr. Gilbert's plays or libretti were funny because of the topsy-turveydom of language, whereas Mr. Shaw's play is funny because all the conventions of ordinary life are non-existent in it. He begins by showing us a dentist's room where the dentist has just taken out a young lady's tooth. The room he describes very accurately, he remembers even the glass of lukewarm water; the young lady patient, too, is very precisely pictured, but the moment the personages begin to talk, one sees that they have both come from "cloudcuckooland." The dentist starts the conversation by remarking, "That was my first tooth;" which seems to have been the truth, but is certainly not what a dentist would be likely to say.

The Young Lady (aghast): Your first! do you mean to say that you began by practising on me?

The Dentist: Every dentist has to begin with somebody.

The Young Lady: Yes; somebody in a hospital, not people who pay.

The Dentist (laughing): Oh, the hospital doesn't count. I only meant my first tooth in private practice. Why didn't you let me give you gas?

The Young Lady: Because you said it would be five shillings extra.

The Dentist (shocked): Oh, don't say that. It makes me feel as if I had hurt you for the sake of five shillings.

The Young Lady (with cool insolence): Well, so you have. *(She gets up.)* Why shouldn't you? It's your business to hurt people. *(It amuses him to be treated in this fashion; he chuckles secretly as he proceeds to clean and replace his instruments. She shakes her dress into order; looks inquisitively about her; and goes to the window.)* You have a good view of the sea from these rooms! Are they expensive?

The Dentist: Yes.

The Young Lady: You don't own the whole house, do you?

The Dentist: No.

The Young Lady (tilting the chair which stands at the writing-table, and looking at it critically as she spins it round on one leg): Your furniture isn't quite the latest thing, is it?

The Dentist: It's my landlord's.

And then she goes on, with womanly curiosity, to question him about his family and prospects, and ends up by asking him to lunch.

Mr. Shaw introduces a waiter in similar fashion; but the waiter is a gentleman who speaks with perfect correctness and shows quite extraordinary courtesy and tact, and whose son is a K.C. The K.C. comes in with a domino and false nose on, and then shows the characteristics of a barrister who has fought his way to the front.

Mr. Shaw's Formula.

All the comic part of the play appears to be written according to a formula. Mr. Shaw seems to say to himself: "I will not have any conventions; I will make my people simple, natural. There is no reason why a dentist or a waiter should not be well-bred and tactful. I will make the dentist an ordinary gentleman; but I will make the waiter a sort of Admirable Crichton of manners and tact, which is, indeed, what a waiter ought to be." Now, this presentation of persons without class distinctions and conventions strikes most people as funny, and they laugh at it; but the humour is perilously thin and mechanical, unless the characters thus divested of the convention-clothes and habits are studied and presented with intense fidelity to nature. But this is just Mr. Shaw's weakness; his characters are curiously superficial, and so his plays read badly; require, indeed, the actor's personality to fill out the vague outlines and make them at all credible.

The Love Story.

There is no wit in "You Never Can Tell" and very little humour, except the humour which arises from sweeping away all conventions and class distinctions. I don't think that such humour as there is would by itself save the play, though here I may be mistaken; but when we come to the love interest in the play, towards the end of the second act, we find something as enchanting as the love interest in "Candida." The girl, Gloria Clandon, is the ordinary girl who seeks to hide her passionate impulses and generosities under a shield of cold propriety. She pretends to dislike sentiment and pretty speeches. "The conditions of marriage," she says, "at present are such as no self-respecting woman can accept." On this Valentine (the dentist) "instantly changes his tone for one of cordial sincerity, and agrees with her." She is reassured a little, and they begin to talk together; then he tells her that strength is infectious. Gloria thinks weakness is; but Valentine assures her she is strong, that when she came into the room his blood got oxygenated; "my muscles were braced, my mind cleared, my courage rose. That's odd, isn't it? considering that I am not at all a sentimental man."

Gloria (rising): Let us go back to the beach.

Valentine (darkly, looking up at her): What! you feel it, too?

Gloria: Feel what?

Valentine: Dread.

Gloria: Dread!

Valentine: As if something were going to happen. It came over me suddenly just before you proposed that we should run away to the others.

Gloria (amazed): That's strange—very strange! I had the same presentiment.

Valentine: How extraordinary! *(Rising):* Well; shall we run away?

Gloria: Run away? Oh, no; that would be childish. I wonder what is the scientific explanation of those fancies that cross us occasionally?

Valentine: Ah, I wonder! It's a curiously helpless sensation, isn't it?

Gloria: Helpless?

Valentine: Yes. As if Nature, after allowing us to belong to ourselves and do what we judged right and reasonable for all these years, were suddenly lifting her great hand to take us—her two little children—by the scruffs of our little necks, and use us, in spite of ourselves, for her own purposes, in her own way.

Gloria: Isn't that rather fanciful?

Valentine (with a new and startling transition to a tone of utter recklessness): I don't know, I don't care. *(Bursting out reproachfully):* Oh, Miss Clandon, Miss Clandon; how could you?

Gloria: What have I done?

Valentine: Thrown this enchantment on me. I'm honestly trying to be sensible—scientific—everything that you wish me to be. But—but—oh, don't you see what you have set to work in my imagination?

Gloria (with indignant, scornful sternness): I hope you are not going to be so foolish—so vulgar—as to say love.

A Modern Lover.

In other words, Valentine wins Gloria because he understands her better than she understands herself; to please her he calls love a chemical affinity—a chemical combination, the most irresistible of all natural forces. When she won't accept this and calls it nonsense, he calls her a "prig." But the whole thing must be read to be appreciated, or seen upon the stage. It is excellent love-making, of a high modern quality, perhaps as good a love scene as can be found in any recent play.

The third act seems to me as dull as ditchwater; but just when it is getting intolerable, Gloria and Valentine are introduced again, and have another little sex-duel, and again one is interested. The same thing happens in the fourth act, except that the story has broken down altogether as too slight, too fantastic-thin to offer any interest, so Mr. Shaw introduces a jealous quarrel between Valentine and Gloria, and thus redeems the dulness, and at the end Gloria makes up her mind to marry Valentine, and tells him so with charming imperiousness, and the playlet ends in smiles. The almost inexplicable antagonism which is the foundation of love—or, rather, of passion—has never been more daintily set forth; but the story of the play is improbable and undramatic; the characters unrealised and inconsequent, the humour mechanical-thin; in fact, it is the acting and love-making that save the play. Once more the sentimentalist in Mr. Shaw redeems the satirist.

JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To the Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

Sir,—

In all the wild and weird romances of modern political life, there is surely none so remarkable as that which is comprised in the above line, "The Right Hon. John Burns, M.P."! But yesterday you were the fire-eater of the advanced guard of militant Socialism, denouncing kings, and queens, and princes, armies and navies, capital and employers, politicians and priests—and even suggesting that "a chemical parcels post" might be an efficacious way of removing some of the "undesirables" amongst the powers that be. To-day you are a Cabinet Minister, active and ubiquitous—overshadowing most of your colleagues by sheer dint of verve and vitality, of push and personality.

What an interesting figure you are—strong, bold, alert, always on the go—"all over the place." You were born with a nail in your trousers. You cannot sit still for a minute. We have seen you jump up from your seat in the House, rush into the lobby, interview a deputation, fetch a blue-book, and return to your place while the Prime Minister has been reading, or preparing to read, an answer to a question. At the great Albert Hall meeting last December you sat on at least six chairs—ultimately jumping up and rushing at full speed off the platform before the proceedings were half over. Whether, however, *that* was entirely due to constitutional restlessness, or to C.-B.'s method of expounding his social programme—"more work for the unemployed, and less for the over-employed"—we have never been quite able to determine. Hard as nails, fit as a fiddle, you are an all-round political athlete—boxer, fighter, jumper, runner. And how you love, and revel in, your work! If you were asked to write in a friend's "album," you would say that the man you hated most in history was he who invented going to bed (we do not remember his name—but he was probably a Liberal leader), and your greatest hero he who invented getting up. Embarrassed with a stipend four times greater than what you once thought the maximum annual value of any man, you appease your conscience by working overtime—and with "time and a half" for night work, and double-pay for Sundays—you are justified of men.

Of course, like ourselves and everyone else who rejoices in the name of John, you are entitled to the qualifying epithet of "Honest." John Morley, John Roberts, John Burns, John Bull—we are all honest Johns. Despite this fact, however, we are all human. Morley keeps a serious face whilst his colleagues go into hysterics about the religious education of the young; Roberts we *have* seen miss an easy shot; *we* have been subjected to many trials and temptations; and *you*, even, must admit that you *do* look very smart in that Court dress. But these, after all, are small things. That you are honest, earnest, and thorough in your work, not your bitterest enemy will deny.

Yes, John, you *have* enemies, but the sad thing about it is that they are mostly confined to what you will not mind our calling your own class—men who in the old days stood at your side, or sat at your feet, working and dreaming with you. Ah, there's the point—*dreaming* with you. Those dream days, with you, are over. That is what they do not understand. It is one thing for a hungry man to stand outside a baker's shop, proclaiming his hunger and pointing to the heavy laden shelves inside. That is agitation. It is another thing altogether to secure possession of those loaves without raiding the establishment and murdering the proprietor. That is statesmanship. And that is the task *you* have to accomplish. It is a tedious and a difficult job—but it is difficult to argue with hungry people.

Thus your friends accuse you of selling them. You were the same yourself, once upon a time. Remember Bradlaugh—the best, the purest, and the noblest friend the workers ever had. How angry you got with him, whilst he was devoting, in Parliament, his life—body, soul, heart and head—to the service of the lowly. "Lovers of the poor," you said, "were asked to chain, not to loose, the anger of the hungry," and you taunted this great man with "throwing overboard his early convictions in order to secure the clap-trap cheers of a House the groans of which form the greatest honour a true labour representative could receive." Your cry was taken up by many at the time—and the great heart of the man, whose health and spirit were already sorely shattered by his struggles, bled tears of anguish that those to whom he had consecrated his whole being should, even for a moment, have suspected him of betraying their trust. "It is not true," he once declared, in our presence, whilst burning tears blinded his eyes, and a big lump choked his voice, "it is not true, and I don't believe they think it," . . . and then, looking at his drawn features and shrivelled hands—for he had but recently "recovered" from that serious illness which had shattered his constitution—"if I thought they did, I would that six months ago had ruled out my life."

Whether the attacks and suspicions of your late friends wound you as deeply as this, we know not. Probably not—for you are not emotional. Sentiment enters but little into your life. Engineer by trade, you are essentially metallic—a man of steel; steel nerves, steel heart, steel brain, steel constitution. You just go straight on—pursuing your own ideal of cautious, practical reform—determined to prove, as Bradlaugh did, that a true Socialist may be a true statesman. You care not with whom Duty brings you in conflict. Hence you are misunderstood. "Poor Crooks," we hear people say, "fancy Burns treating him like this." Such is human nature. Yet we decline to believe that at heart the incidental downfall of an old fellow-worker gives you any pleasure; for you are not without generous instincts, and we shall not be surprised to see you shortly do something to rehabilitate the fallen Woolwich hero—whose misfortune it is to have a heart out of all proportion to his brain.

Now, Sir, what is to be your future? In the space of six months you have succeeded in confounding your enemies. Can you keep up the pace? We think you can. We predict that ere this Government has run its span you will have been carried to greater heights of responsibility. What about a Labour Minister—and later on, even, a Labour Ministry? Who will be Premier then? It may not last—it probably will not—and we are not sure that we should wish it to do so. The ramifications of the British Empire are beyond the ken of most of us. And a Cabinet of working men is not, to-day, conceivable. But the object-lesson has to be given—then the Awakening, the Revolution, and the Compromise, and then another cycle. Such is the history of the world—probably of all worlds.

Go on, then, with your work. Purify the Department over which you rule, and set an example to the others. Get all you can out of the Government of which you are a member on behalf of the submerged tenth. Help the deserving poor, combat vicarious generosity to the loafer, expose the pinchbeck philanthropists who pander to the lowest instincts of the wastrel. Avoid all mischievous nostra, and eschew the temptation to palliate curable evils by demoralising doles. Be not discouraged by the spiteful slanders of envious tongues. The real workers are on your side. By vigilance and diplomacy you may get much for the people out of this administration. Drain it to the last ounce, *and then come and lead a united Labour Party*—a true party of honest Labour co-operating with honest Capital, each receiving its fair reward, and both, under the guidance of Wisdom and sound State-craft, working for the freedom and the emancipation of mankind. With all good wishes, John Bull.

A REMINDER.

JOHN BULL *(to young Natal)*: Defend yourself by all means, against all comers—black or white; but don't forget that, wherever there's fighting under that flag, these are the rules of the game.

"'ENERY."

By Vera Canute.

Bill Gussin, late proprietor of the "Duck and Green Peas," stood in the doorway of his cottage, smoking his evening pipe. Bill's eyes watched the road, winding through the quiet Essex village to lose itself in the yellow-tipped gorse of the common beyond.

"It ain't so much the asking wot worrits me," Bill was saying to himself, "as 'er refusing of me; why, lor', she's got as many hadmirers as a 'erring's got bones. 'Tain't likely she'd look at the likes of me."

Bill nodded to an acquaintance waiting about on the other side of the street.

"Wot's Sam Peach adoin' 'anging round 'ere?" Bill wondered.

Sam Peach crossed the road, and leaning against the wall of Gussin's house said:

"Fine hevening, Bill."

Bill replied that it was, though late.

"Yes, it's time you was in bed," said Peach.

"Who are you waiting for?" asked Bill.

"Ah!"

Bill's curiosity was aroused.

"You never ain't gawn and got a young woman!"

"'Aven't I!"

"Who?"

"Ah!"

"So 'ave I," said Bill.

"Who?" asked the astounded Peach.

"Mrs. Rigg."

"Mrs. Rigg!" Peach yelled.

"You don't mean to say——"

"I'm waiting for 'er 'ere," Peach told him.

"So'm I," said Bill.

"I'm goin' ter ask 'er ter marry me to-night."

"So'm I," repeated Bill.

Peach laughed. "You!" he said.

Bill drew himself up straight against the door. "Wot's the matter with me?"

"You'd be alright," replied Peach, "if Mrs. Rigg 'ad it in mind to start a manargerie."

"S'pose you think she likes pigs best," retaliated Bill.

"Monkey face!" exclaimed Peach, to which Bill replied:

"Pork!" and the two men glared angrily at each other.

"Don't you think you ought to be in bed?" suggested Bill, presently.

"I'm all right," said Peach; "it's you wot worrits me. Your mother used ter say as 'ow you was that delicate you allus caught cold of a night."

"I 'aven't had a cold since I was a boy."

"I wonder you can remember it, then," said Peach, and they glared at each other again.

"Wot do you want with 'er money, you've got a tidy bit of yer own?" asked Peach, presently.

"It ain't 'er money, it's 'er 'eart I'm after," said Bill.

"'Eart, at your age!"

Bill drew himself up again.

"Youth ain't heverything," he said. "There's a lot of beauty comes out in old age wot you'd never think of in a boy. Take a happle, fer hinstance, sweet and beautiful with keeping."

"What about a hegg?"

Bill took no notice of the interruption.

"Look at a rose, p'rhaps it's nicer to look at when it's fresh an' on the tree, but think 'ow it smells for years when it's withered."

"Likin' yer breath to roses! Lor', if I was a teetotaller I'd want to 'old my nose when you open your mouth."

Bill's fist went up, but at that moment the object of their affection came upon them.

"Good hevening," Mrs. Rigg said.

"We was just talking of you," said Bill.

"And roses," Peach added.

Mrs. Rigg blushed—womanlike, compliments were acceptable to her.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Rigg, Peach; you run away and play a minute."

"I want to speak to 'er, too; you go and 'ave that there drink you're dyin' for."

"Won't you come in?" Bill asked Mrs. Rigg.

"Won't you come out?" asked Peach.

"I've got to 'urry back to write to mother," said Mrs. Rigg. "I'm goin' 'ome next week for good."

Bill glanced at Peach fearfully; he had not known that Mrs. Rigg was leaving.

"Wot was it you wanted to say?" Mrs. Rigg asked.

The two men glared at each other steadily, then Bill blurted out: "I love yer."

"So do I," said Peach.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Rigg.

"If you'll marry me, you shall 'ave a nice 'ome and garding, with roses and 'ollyocks," said Bill.

"Don't forget the monkey 'ouse," Peach reminded him; then to Mrs. Rigg—

"If you'll 'ave me, you shall be a lady and 'ave a boudoir of yer own ter sit in, and eat 'errin's to yer 'eart's content."

"Wot about a pigsty?" asked Bill, at which Peach silently kicked him.

"I'll give you everything you ask for," said Bill, "and a day at Southend when you like."

"I'll take yer to the Crystal Palace, same as you can see from my top window," boasted Peach; "and if you want the old things fer yer 'ouse same as London folk is crazy after, I'll buy Bill's furniture, same as 'e bought noo when 'e were a boy."

"I love yer, I do," said Bill; "and I wouldn't refuse yer nothin' as I could 'elp. You shall 'ave yer favourite dish, wot I 'ear is sheep's 'ead, fer yer wedding breakfast, that is," he added softly, "if Peach'll part with 'is."

Peach stamped on Bill's foot, but Bill didn't say anything, aloud.

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to ask me," said Mrs. Rigg, "and to promise me all them lovely things, but some-'ow I've got to say 'no.'"

Bill paled; Peach looked disappointed.

"You see, it's like this. I loved my dear, departed 'Enery, and he loved me; 'ardly ever beat me, 'e didn't; so I says to myself when 'e died, after the haccident wot heveryone was a-talking about, I says, I won't marry no one as ain't eggsactly like 'im, I says."

"I'll try to be like 'im," said Bill.

Mrs. Rigg shook her head.

"In looks, I mean. Look 'ere."

Mrs. Rigg unfastened a silver locket that hung round her neck on a silver cable chain, and showed a photograph to the two men of a handsome, clean-shaven man.

Bill Gussin and Peach groaned heart-brokenly at his good looks.

Mrs. Rigg closed the locket with a snap, and, wishing them good evening, hurried home.

The next afternoon, Bill Gussin, standing in the doorway smoking his afternoon pipe, caught sight of a much-altered Peach coming down the street, a brown paper parcel i his hand. Bill called him, and Peach crossed the road.

"Wot ever 'ave you done with yer whiskers?" Bill asked.

"The barber's got 'em, in London. If I'd a thought you wanted 'em, I'd 'ave give 'em to yer to stuff a chair with."

"Wotever did yer do it for?" gasped Bill.

"'Enery didn't 'ave whiskers, did 'e?"

"'Enery?"

"'Enery Riggs; and look 'ere." Peach, anxious to show off his brilliant idea by which he intended to captivate Mrs. Rigg and her hundreds, undid the parcel.

"This 'ere scented soap's fer me 'ands, this 'ere bottle's fer me 'air, and this 'ere pot's ter rub inter me face."

Bill took up each of these three things gingerly.

"Wotever for?"

"Ain't you 'eard of the beauty treatment?"

"But *you* can't make yerself bootiful," said Bill.

"More chance than you, anyway," Peach snapped.

Peach smiled at the look of disappointment on Bill's face. Peach was intensely pleased with himself.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Bill.

Peach thought a moment.

"Forget," he said.

"I'm going ter London this very night," Bill stated.

Peach thought again.

"Tell you wot," he said, "I'll write fer some fer you."

Bill looked at the other closely; the apparent friendliness in Peach's eyes rassured this simple, kind-hearted man.

"You're a friend, you are," said Bill, and went happily to bed in the thought that there was yet a chance to win his lady.

That night Peach wrote the following order, and with an enclosure of two-and-sixpence sent it to town.

"Please send won bottle of hare die to make it ginger, 2 hotest mousetard plasterers and a peace of dog sope Sam Peach Downminster Essex."

On returning to his room for the night, Peach rubbed the complexion cream into his face, sprinkled the dye on his hair, and, well contented with his day's work, went to sleep.

Two days later the parcel from the London chemist arrived, and Peach took it to Bill.

"'Ow do you do it?" Bill asked.

"Furst you take these 'ere reflection beautifiyers," instructed Peach, giving his friend the mustard plasters; "put 'em on yer two cheeks, a bit over yer nose, then you rub in this 'ere 'air wash, and go to sleep."

"Does it 'urt much?" Bill asked, anxiously.

"Not much; 'sides, it's fer Maria."

"Maria," whispered Bill, softly, "I'd do anything fer 'er."

"Then in the mornin'," said Peach, "yer wash yer 'ands and face with this 'ere dogs'—ladies' lovely scented soap, and yer fleas—I mean yer spots—fall out like anythink."

"You're a friend, you are," cried the unsuspecting Bill, shaking the other's hand.

Before going to bed that night Bill looked at his weather-rough face in the glass.

"I ain't much like 'Enery now," he said, "but ter-morrer—you wait till ter-morrer, Billy, me boy."

Then, taking up the bottle of hair dye, Bill poured it over his yellow-grey hair, tied the mustard plasters round his face with a long grey stocking and went to sleep.

Ten minutes later Bill woke and, holding his face in both hands, jumped from the bed.

"'Oly smoke!" he yelled, "'oly smoke! 'Eaven!" then, very softly, "for Maria," and all through the night he bore the pain for her.

As the dawn grew light he took the plasters from his face and looked in the glass.

A swollen-faced, red-skinned, yellow-ginger haired man glared at him!

"'Oly smoke! 'Eaven!" he cried, then dusting the glass with his stocking, he looked again.

"My lovin' aunt! Gawd!"

Sticking his chilled legs into his trousers, and throwing on a coat, Bill rushed downstairs, out of the door, into the clean new day and hurried up the street to Peach's house. Bill banged on the door with both knuckles and a foot till Peach, sleepy-eyed and creamy, appeared at the window.

"Look ee 'ere," yelled Bill.

Peach, opening the window, looked out, and hurriedly withdrew to roar with laughter.

"Look ee 'ere," shouted Bill again.

Peach re-appeared.

"'Ow you 'ave improved, to be sure; you do look lovely," he said encouragingly.

"I see it, I see it," screamed Bill, shaking his fist at the window.

"Lor," cried the smiling Peach, "You ain't got 'em again, I do 'ope."

"I see through yer trick, you devil; I'll pay you fer this."

"It only cost 'arf a crown," replied Peach, "an' the mustard was that good 'twas fit to eat."

"It'll cost you more than *that* when I've done with yer," thundered Bill.

"You mustn't 'urt me, I'm that delicate."

"You will be, time I'm done."

Peach disappeared from the window; he had caught sight of Mrs. Rigg, milk can in hand, coming down the street on her way to Perry's farm.

"Look ee 'ere," yelled Bill, and Peach reappeared, a coat and trousers over his night shirt.

"She's comin'," called Peach.

"She! Who?"

"Your sweet'eart," and Peach smiled.

Bill turned and hid his face in his hands.

"'Ide me," he pleaded; "'ide me, and I'll let you orf."

"Ide yer! Wot ever are yer a sayin' of? 'Ide yer when she's a comin' down the street, and you lookin' so lovely too! You can ask 'er to marry you now if yer like; I won't listen, I'll put me fingers in me ears."

"Damn yer," screamed Bill, "I'll have the law of yer, you'll see."

"Where did yer git that hair," sang Peach, as Mrs. Rigg came up.

"Morning, Mrs. Rigg," called Peach, "There's old Bill down there awaitin' to speak to you, aren't yer, Bill?"

Bill said something nobody heard, and kept his back to the lady.

"'E's shy," said Peach, "want's ticklin'."

Mrs. Rigg touched Bill's arm.

"'E isn't well, e' wants more ginger," Peach went on.

Bill turned and gave one shamed glance at Mrs. Rigg.

"Lor!" exclaimed that lady.

"Ain't it h'awful," cried Bill.

"Ain't 'e a booty," called Peach.

"Yes, 'e is," came the unexpected reply, and Mrs. Rigg, flinging her arms round Bill's neck, said:

"'E's just like wot 'Enery was after 'is h'accident."

CONSCRIPTION IN INDIA.

BY A SOLDIER.

Earl Roberts has done well out of soldiering, none better since Wellington. It made him a Knight, a Baronet, a Baron, a Viscount, an Earl, a K.G., a K.P., a G.C.S.I., and much else in the way of lettering. It has also given him a good deal of hard coin. It has treated him so well that he wants everybody else to be a soldier, only the others must take the kicks without the ha'pence; in other words, he wants conscription. He says he doesn't, but it is not less conscription because he calls it by another name. He tells the people of the United Kingdom that they ought not to grumble at conscription, because it is the first duty of a citizen to defend his country, and every European State has a conscript army. This was the gist of his speech in the House of Lords a few days ago, and it is the substance of every speech he makes upon the question of Imperial defence. His argument rests upon demonstrable fallacy. No foreign Government asks of its citizens what Lord Roberts expects. France has her Foreign Legion, composed of volunteers, for duty in Algiers, Madagascar, and Tonquin. The German troops employed in Africa are volunteers, highly paid, a lieutenant getting £400 a year. Russia has no colonies. Spain garrisons the Canaries with volunteers. Portugal sends disciplinary battalions to Africa. The Italian troops on the Abyssinian Littoral are volunteers. No foreign Government asks its citizens to serve as conscripts abroad; it knows they would not serve. Yet Lord Roberts imagines that the people of this country will be content to freeze in Afghanistan, or bake in Burma, as conscripts!

But how, it may be asked, is India to be defended when Russia invades? Successful defence, according to the experts, will need half a million soldiers. How are they to be got without conscription? Lord Roberts makes no attempt to answer that question, and the answer is never given because it is not palatable. The successful defence of India against Russian invasion is impossible if that defence is to rest with the British Army, supplemented by the existing Indian Army. If India is to be defended against the invader it can only be done by India herself. The fighting races of India are equal to the work if they are led by British officers; they represent some of the finest fighting material in the world, and there is plenty of it. Nor would there be any difficulty in getting a sufficient number of British officers to lead them. It would not be difficult to create an army of half a million men, and to make it as fine a fighting machine as any in the world, probably finer. The cost would not be great. Let India maintain her own army, and pay for it out of her own revenues. That would be an enormous relief to England, and would be within India's means. If not, then let the Imperial Treasury help so far as may be necessary. It is the one way in which the problem of Indian defence might be satisfactorily solved. But could an Indian army of the kind indicated be trusted? That is a question we cannot pretend to answer, and which nobody can answer. We have no doubt what the answer of the Government of India would be, for its policy rests upon distrust of the native. And it may be that it would be right in thinking the experiment too dangerous to try. But has it been thought out? And is there a soldier whose opinion is worth having who would say that (conscription apart) there is any other way?

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

THE LAW AND THE BLACKMAILER.

"If any person shall publish, or threaten to publish, any libel upon any other person, or shall directly or indirectly threaten to print or publish, or shall directly or indirectly propose to abstain from printing or publishing, or shall, directly or indirectly, offer to prevent the printing or publishing of any matter or thing touching any other person with intent to extort any money or security for money, or any valuable thing from such or any other person, or with intent to induce any person to confer or procure for any person any appointment or office of profit or trust, every such offender, on being convicted thereof, shall be liable to be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, in the common gaol or house of correction for any term not exceeding three years: Provided always that nothing herein contained shall in any manner alter or affect any law now in force in respect of the sending or delivery of threatening letters or writings."

The conviction of Henry Warren, author, and Robert Arthur Everett, publisher, on a charge founded on Section 3 of 6 and 7 Vict. c. 96, deserves special attention. It may sound paradoxical, but it is the fact that our gratification at the conviction is in inverse ratio to our sympathies with their victim.

Mr. Mandeville is either an honest or a dishonest person. If he be an honest person then Warren and Everett, in first taking £2,000 from him for not publishing the book, "Dr. Basil," and afterwards demanding another £5,000, contravened the above section of the Libel Law, where it provides that

> "If any person shall . . . . threaten to publish any *libel* upon any other person"

he shall be amenable to the law. Thus, the threatened publication of what is false, *i.e.*, a libel upon an individual, is punishable by law provided it be uttered

> "with intent to extort any money, etc., from such or any other person . . ."

But even if what Warren and Everett intended to publish about Mr. Mandeville had been true, *i.e.*, not a libel, the Section of the Act provides no escape for them, for it says:—

> "If any person shall . . . directly or indirectly threaten to print or publish or shall indirectly propose to abstain from printing or publishing . . . *of any matter or thing* touching any other person with intent to extort any money"

he shall be amenable to the law. Thus it will be seen that the truth or falsity of what a person threatens to or undertakes to abstain from publishing about another is not an element in the matter at all. The offence is extorting money from any person on a threat to publish, or a promise to abstain from publishing *any matter*, of whatever nature, whether true or false, or partly true and partly false. In fact, the earlier words of the Section are quite redundant.

This is the law; common sense would plead for the greater punishment of the person who, for valuable consideration, undertakes to abstain from publishing what is true about another, than of him who extorts valuable consideration on threats to publish what is false. If what Warren and Everett's book, "Dr. Basil," said about Mr. Mandeville was false, its publication or non-publication only affected him; but if what it said was true, its non-publication affected the public.

But this by the way. We rejoice to think that the law cuts the ground from under the feet of blackmailers by not permitting any defence which does not go to the root of the matter, namely, did the accused extort or endeavour to extort, valuable consideration under threat or otherwise, and we are glad that Warren and Everett have gone to gaol. That Mr. Mandeville acted most foolishly in ever paying these scoundrels anything goes without saying, but he evinced courage in the end, and did the right thing. There are, however, two amendments of the Act which are urgently needed. The one is that its operations should be extended to "any business undertaking or joint stock company," for at present it is an offence to blackmail individuals only; and the second is that the maximum punishment on conviction should be increased. The blackmailer is a reptile, and ought to be stamped out of existence.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S APPEAL.

(Father Vaughan, in his sermon on Sunday, July 22, dealt specially with the article in our issue of the 7th ult.)

By Herbert Vivian.

Bernard Vaughan, who was sentenced, on the 7th of July last, to be handed over to the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Offensive Advertisements, lodged an appeal in the Court of Crown Cases reserved, taking particular exception to the order that he should be detained until such time as he had learned the elementary principles of Christian charity. He also traversed the charge that he was a foe to harmless pleasure.

Speaking from his pulpit in Farm Street, the prisoner deposed "that he had been told that he wanted to stop everything that gave merriment to life—elegance in dress, dainties in food, all diversions in the week, and all recreation on Sunday. He emphatically stated that he wanted nothing of the sort. He liked elegance in dress, but not extravagance; he liked delicacies in food, but not dainties only; he liked amusement in the week, but not till work had earned it; and he liked recreation on Sunday, but not till God was worshipped. In fact, so strongly did he feel about Sunday recreation that as soon as his sermon was over, he was going to take some 200 costers, with others, to spend the afternoon in the country. But they had all been to Communion that morning."

Lord Justice Bull: This is begging the question. The fact that you have taken, as you phrase it, 200 costers, with others (whoever they may be) to scatter banana skins over green fields, does not excuse your violent denunciation of persons who have other ideas of enjoyment. You are doubtless an arbiter of elegance and pleasure according to your own lights, according to your own interpretations. But that does not excuse your intolerance of other forms of diversion. We cannot all have the minds of costers, who are certainly worthy persons, but restrict their amenities to the inspirations of their environment. Let them find every possible relief from the monotony of their avocations, by all means. But do not force us to imitate them. Do not cast indiscriminate blame upon those who prefer cards, or cricket, or racing, or polo, to roundabouts, and hurdy-gurdies, and kiss-in-the-ring.

That gambling is an evil nobody troubles to deny. But that it is the only, or even the principal evil of the day, no one but a fanatic will presume to suggest. In many cases, it diverts the attention of its devotees from more harmful pursuits. In other cases, it sustains interest in sports, which might otherwise languish. Like all vices, and many virtues, it is dangerous when pushed to excess. But the number of disasters directly ascribable to it has been grossly exaggerated. You have suggested that bridge losses frequently drive young ladies to ruin. How many such cases have you verified? Not one, I trow. And if you had, what do you suppose you would have proved? My good man, if your supposititious young lady had not come to grief through losses at cards, a person so ill-balanced and devoid of moral sense would surely have found some other road to ruin.

Instead of showing a proper contrition for your offences against good taste and good sense, you make your case worse by repeating your misdemeanours. At first you aroused a mild amusement; now you excite indignation; if you do not take care, you will soon provoke disgust. If the law allowed me, I should not hesitate to increase your sentence, which is now upheld on appeal.

Herein the other Lords Justices concurred.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in? Yours very faithfully, John Bull.

THE GRUMELER.

By the Commoner.

I am certainly not the first to grumble, and I shall not be the last. My brother and sister grumblers are to be met with everywhere, from the poor deluded man who has given up his club dinner to economise on his wife's cookery experiments at home, to the lady who finds that shrieking for a vote is the surest way of getting her portrait into the papers. The park orator grumbles at the wealthy, and preaches Socialism because no Government has awarded him a pension; while the Countess of Warwick grumbles at her accident of birth, and would grumble a hundred times more were her fortune taken from her. Prehistoric man was a great grumbler, and had he not been so we should all of us have remained prehistoric. Even in the days when nature provided him with a fur coat he grumbed at the cold and worried someone into finding a way to light a fire; and that same fire was the first light of civilisation. He then grumbled at his tree nests, and induced his wife, with stones and knobbly clabs, to build him a hut, and to this grumble may be traced such costly erections as Buckingham Palace and Poplar Workhouse. Of course, he grumbled at his dinners, for the man who ceases to do this is either dying or insane, and the efforts of those who desired to improve his diet have resulted in producing for his successors such delicacies as the enlarged livers of geese, or the canned diseases of Chicago.

As time moved on, and our early ancestors discarded tails, the discontented among them saw the folly of the anarchy which then existed, and formed themselves into communistic bands, the members of which clubbed together to acquire and hold certain plots of land in common. They then progressed from the commune towards individual landlordism, and instead of clubbing together for mutual benefit, they clubbed each other for mutual destruction, the survivor taking the lot, or lots. In this way the grumblers kicked over an existing system, and initiated those world-purifying wars which have done so much towards swelling the angel choir. No self-respecting man failed to make enemies and to kill them whenever he could catch them unawares, and the ladies of the period, as at present, smiled on the hero who could show the finest collection of scalps. Before these wars of conquest began a gentleman was contented with his own wooden or mud hut and the range of the district, but after these were made the fashion he wanted as much of the earth as his club, plus teeth and claws, would give him, and he grumbled fiercely when another warrior annexed property within view of his own ancestral tree. This grumbling was an effort of Nature to elevate man from the nut gathering, grub eating, arboreal citizen, to the man-killing hero. To-day clubs are out of fashion, and gold is the most efficient weapon that we possess, and a millionaire may count his scalps by the hundred; but there are not wanting signs that the club will resume its power when the mob arises and faces the landlords.

Women have played a great part in inciting men to complain, and have also performed good service themselves in this way. When a man knocked a woman silly with a club and thus won her for better or for worse, the lady accepted the situation at once, and became her lord and master's cook, nurse, and oftentimes agricultural labourer, which Miss Billington says is a proof that the poor thing was knocked very silly. She would also have had to do parlour and housemaid's work and clean her husband's bicycle had she not been born too early in the years that are gone. After a time the Miss Billingtons of the period began to grumble—or, rather, they were Mrs. Pankhursts then, for no woman was too plain not to be able to find a husband who wanted additional help in his establishment. The ladies did not at the time dare to grumble at their lords and masters, for the club that had first won their love was always kept by his side; but they suggested and insinuated improvements. Man of the period listened to the prettiest of them, and heard her tale of how she was worked to death, and never had a minute to call her own, and he made the others wait upon her. Of course, as she grew old and ugly grumbling was of no avail, and she had in turn to wait upon the younger ladies of the prehistoric harem.

In the matter of politics, grumblers in the dark ages were known as rebels, and it has always been the self-imposed duty of the Government of the day to quell rebellion with a word and a blow, the blow coming first. Sometimes the rebel got the blow in first, it generally being about even chances as to which of the two got behind the other fellow's back before he knew what was going to happen, and then the rebel became the Government in place of the deceased, when he promptly gave other men plenty of cause to grumble in their turn. It has always happened that a grumbler at those in power was a patriot until he obtained power himself, and then he became a despot full of faults, yet not so full but that some grumblers made faults even of his virtues. At the same time it is and has always been the fashion to reconsider the actions of the late despot, and to elevate him into a saint of minor or greater degree. Speak not evil of the dead is a good motto, and when they could strike at him no longer, the grumblers of the past wasted no more of their efforts upon him, but turned their attention to his successor. Le Roi est mort, à bas le Roi.

To this beautiful trait in our characters we owe our system of substituting fairy tales for the records of the doings of those Kings and Queens who departed from the rest of the grumblers. History is made gay with tales of Alfred burning the swineherd's wife, or William Tell drawing the long bow, and children learn much from these chronicles. Possessing the same admirable characteristic, the Jewish historians made most excellent apologies for their forefathers who wiped out whole nations of those who had grumbled at the Jews of that time. We have retrograded since those days, for we now grumble when the sons of Holy Russia massacre small sections of the Chosen Race, but no doubt the historians of the future will correct the errors of the present day, and write hymns of victory and self-praise to be sung by the descendants of the Russian police. Then there are grumblers who consider that the Russian Government should have shipped the victims of Russian police exhilaration to the East End of London, and fed them on bread which at the present time is being hardly won by members of our own race. But then when those of our own people were starving they would have grumbled in turn, and it is a wise thing when opposing factions grumble at each other to let them fight it out.

Now, frankly, is there any man or woman who is not a grumbler? I think not. A cast-iron Tory grumbles because Radicals have votes, and Radicals grumble because they can't turn their votes into cash quickly enough. Our statesmen when in opposition are continually on the grumble, and their complainings fill many of us with a knowledge of our miseries that we never before possessed. We should never know how badly we are treated by those in power were it not for the loud-voiced malcontents, and their grumbles rouse other grumbles, as a dog barking at midnight causes other dogs to bark. Yet there are those in power who know that when a dog barks he has not time to bite, and so they go their way without fear, so long as they hear this grumbling. For instance, what father of a family in England would have bothered himself about the Chinese working in South Africa had not a few grumbles echoed in his ears. Now he is stirred to the soul by those who would deport every Chinaman from Johannesburg and bring him to London to work on starvation wages, where the heathen would be able to thank his Joss that he was as free to starve as any Englishman. And so we grumble until we get matters improved, and then we commence to grumble at the improvements—a system that keeps our minds for ever busy.

Therefore I shall make no apology for my grumbles. I have grumbled all my life, and unearthed abuses no one else had thought of. The earth is sweeter and purer since I started to protest, and as the grumblers gain victory after victory, and the Socialists at last force us to live on fourpence a day, we shall gain Arcadia and live the Simple Life. Yet who will dare to say that even in Arcadia the grumbler will cease to expose abuses. Even if there are none at first, his grumbling will soon make them, and give a new zest to life for those who have wearied of pastoral pleasures. I don't know whether there will be separate Arcadias for men and women, if not, and men marry and are given in marriage as heretofore, there will be the first opening for the grumblers. For what wife can perform her whole duty to man without grumbling at her husband, which reminds me that man is the superior being he acknowledges himself to be because he has always been so severely criticised by his wife. In time she will grumble him into perfection, and then grumble because there is nothing in him to grumble at. Yes, let us give woman the credit of making man so much better than herself, because she is able to grumble longer and more loudly than any male creature.

SPIRITS.

By A. Meadeum.

It was a foc'sle debate, and feeling ran high.

"What d'ye mean by sperrits?" asked the cook, contemptuously—"ghosts or lush?"

"What I mean is this—an' if ye weern't a bloomin' misbeliever, an' 'ad the brain of a louse, ye would understand it," said Peter—"them as 'as the power can call upon them as is gone to come back 'ere 'an siggerfy their presence by knockin' on a table or writin' on a piece of paper, an' sometimes they touches your 'ands or pats your face. Now, if I was gone, an' ye was a believer, if ye wanted me ter come back, an' got a soot-able medium, I would siggerfy me presence to ye by touchin' your 'and or by pattin' your face."

"Me lad," said the cook, breathing hard, "if just 'cos you're gone ye think ye can play any o' them dam-fool tricks on me, you're makin' a bloomin' error, let me tell ye. Pat me face be blowed! I'd like to see ye try! Keep your 'ands to yourself, 'ere an' 'ereafter, or ye're lookin' for trouble! I'll *pat* ye!"

The atmosphere again got oppressive, and the elderly seaman who had been smoking silently throughout the argument intervened. "Easy, now, easy!" he said. "It ain't no manner o' use gettin' shirty wi' Peter, cooky, no manner o' use, 'cause 'e's been took wi' this 'ere spiritoolism, an' when they gets took that way they're bloomin' maniacs. 'Umour the blighter—'umour 'im."

"What's 'e want to talk o' patting me face for?" said the cook, indignantly. "Pat me face! Why——"

"I've seen 'im took like that afore—I've seen it often," interrupted the old man, "an' I knows the treatment, 'cause I've treated 'em. Peter 'ere is 'armless; 'e on'y bleats about it; but there was a cove on me last ship as made a muddy nuisance of 'isself wi' 'is monkey tricks. Used ter go into trances, 'e used, when you was tryin' to get a bit of a doss, an' used ter see things.

"'I sees yer wi' a white towel wound round your 'ead,' 'e says, 'an' a black face, walkin' in a desert. You are a robber an' a bandit, an' you 'ave a 'undred wives,' says 'e to ole Sam one day.

"'You're a bloomin' liar!' old Sam 'e says, 'an' if ye show me any more o' your jaw I'll break it!' 'E tried to explain it was five 'undred years ago 'e was speakin' of, but Sam, 'e wouldn't 'ave it. Knowin' Sam's missus, it warn't judicious to mention wives.

"'Nother day, 'e says to 'Umpy Clark, ''Umpy,' 'e says, speakin' soft an' cautious, 'I sees yer, I sees yer, seven 'undred years ago!'

"'Umpy said 'e'd better look again, an' that where 'e got the drink from was a bloomin' marvel; but 'e goes on, 'I sees yer, 'Umpy, in another state, as a small gazelle wi' big brown eyes an' a fluffy tail.'

"'None o' your lip' says 'Umpy—'e was a queer-tempered cove, was 'Umpy—'none o' your lip, or I'll gazelle ye till your 'ead aches!'

"'E 'ad a 'ard life of it, but 'stead of curin' 'im, 'e somehow got worse 'an worse, an' that there foc'sle got more an' more like a loony-'ouse every day, till at last we decided something 'ad to be done. ''Arshness don't cure 'im,' says 'Umpy; 'we must try a ruse. 'Umour 'im for a bit, an' you'll see.' ''Umour 'im!' I says. ''E makes you feel like a keeper now,' says I, 'an' if we 'umour 'im instead of 'itting 'im, we'll make a lot of perishing wet-nurses of ourselves,' I says. 'I'd 'umour 'im, I would—wi' a club!' 'Leave it to me,' says 'Umpy, 'but 'umour 'im!' For best part of a week we 'umoured 'im, an' it was a rotten life we led. 'E got worse and worse, an' saw more wisions than ever, an' threw 'is blasted trances whenever work 'ove in sight, so one of us 'ad always to do 'is jobs for 'im. At the end of that week we got into Gravesend, an' what wi' dischargin' cargo, an' the old man's temper while it was goin' on, our prize idiot was a bit quiet like; but when it was all over, an' we was lyin' around waitin' for fresh cargo, 'e broke out worse nor ever, an' nothin' would satisfy 'im but to 'old a see-ance.

"'Right O!' says 'Umpy to us, private like; 'let the good game go on. I'll see-ance the blighter; I'll gazelle 'im! Leave it to me, an' do as I tell ye; yer lives an' souls are mine for the see-ance!'

"'E pretended to be a believer, did 'Umpy, an' arranged wi' the landlord of a little public 'e knew of for a room for the see-ance; an' one evenin' up we all turns—the spiritoolist, me, 'Umpy Clark, Dutch Sam, Jemmy, old Bill Evans, an' the cook. 'Umpy 'ad a bottle wi' a lump o' phosphorus in 'is pocket; the cook 'ad a live pigeon, which took 'im all 'e knew 'ow for to 'ide; an' Sam an' the rest of us relied on our intelleks. We was stuck round a table, an' then the medium, 'e says, in a solemn sort o' voice, 'Are ye all ready?' 'e says.

"'Let her go,' says 'Umpy, an' 'e dowsed the glim an' left us in the dark.

"We sat for a bit, an' it was pitch-black an' werry solemn, an' we could on'y 'ear 'Umpy breathin'.

"'I feels a hinfluence!' sings the fool. 'I feels a hinfluence! Now, 'oo will you 'ave to answer us? Summon 'im, an' 'e will rap on the table for ye.'

"'I'll 'ave Joolius Seize-her,' says old Bill. 'I'll 'ave Jooliu Joolius.' ''Oo's 'e?' says 'Umpy.

"'Don't hexpose yer ignorance,' says Bill. 'I'll 'ave 'im.'

"'Right O!' says 'Umpy. "'Up 'e' comes!' An' after a bit old Bill, 'e fetches the bottom of the table a welt wi' his foot.

"'Noisy devil!' says 'Umpy, 'cause the table fair shook. 'I don't think much o' yer pal's manners, Bill,' 'e says. 'What can 'e do now?'

"'*Do!*' says Bill. ''E ain't a performin' dog in a music-'all; 'e's a Roaming Hemperor. What would ye like to ask 'im?'

"'Before I believes in all this,' says 'Umpy, 'I must see somethin' wisible,' 'e says, 'for a proof for me own bloomin' eyes,' says 'e, an' wi' that 'e smacks the phosphorus on the table.

"The medium man, 'e fetches a yell, an', tremblin' so that we could 'ear 'im, 'e says, 'oarsely, 'Sit still; don't break the circle, for the love of 'evins! This is a manifestation, a real manifestation!' 'Ho, is it?' says the cook. 'It won't do for me. Wot *I* want, before I believe in it, is ter see some livin' hobjic'. Can Jooly Whatsisname 'ere'—an' old Bill fair busts 'is toe agin the table agen, an' the medium 'owls—'can 'e fetch up a live pigeon, f'rinstance?'—an' out 'e lets the bird, a flappin' and a strugglin' like mad.

"That bust up the see-ance, 'cause what wi' the 'owls the medium let off, an' wot wi' us trying' to catch the bird, an' one thing an' another, the landlord comes in wi' a light, fair dancin' wi' rage; an' there was the medium, sittin' 'uddled up in 'is chair, 'owling, 'A manifestation! A manifestation!' an' Dutch Sam a throwin' fancy fits under the table, chewing away at a bit of old Brown Windsor like one o'clock, an' foaming like a mad dog, an' the rest of us tryin' to catch the bloomin' pigeon.

"'Ye drunken maniacs!' says the landlord, 'would ye wreck the shop, ye drunken beasts? Out ye get, every one of ye! Outside!'

"But the fright 'e got cured that bloomin' spiritualist, an' take warnin' by 'im, Peter, my lad, an' don't yer run yourself an' your crazy notions agen wiser 'eads than yourn, or there'll be trouble for ye!"

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in? Or will you send me the names and addresses of a few friends to whom I may send specimen copies?

Yours very faithfully,

John Bull.

BYE-WAYS IN BOHEMIA LAND.

Comedies and Tragedies of London Life.

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

Author of "The Love Thirst of Elaine," "Fame the Fiddler," "A Tragedy of Grub Street," "Stories of Famous Songs," "Stories of Famous Fairy Tales," etc., etc.

No. I.—THE EMPTY HOUSE.

Living in a Bloomsbury Square and being fond of an early morning walk and a pleasant talk with an old Italian friend, Faber by name, we noted some years ago that in Wilford Crescent there was a room on the ground floor of No. 10 which was always empty, though no announcement was made that the place was to be let. We passed the house every morning for months, and both of us instinctively, without saying a word, paused and wondered. Then, as we moved on, we remained silent for a space, and then chatted of other things. Presently, however, one or the other would remark that, though the rest of the house was occupied, this one particular room was quite devoid of furniture, though every now and then the short white blind would be removed and a clean one put up in its place. Yet, often as we strolled that way, we never saw a soul enter or leave the room. We could see it plainly from the street, and the walls looked fresh and the floor was ever clean. We conjectured that some one washed the place at night-time.

Was the apartment haunted—or what was the secret? My friend Faber being of a curious turn of mind, a virtue I would not dare to share with him, ventured one day to knock at the door, and inquired if the lady of the house had any apartments to let, preferably unfurnished. The answer was a curt "No," "but," suggested the small Italian, "there is that fine room on the ground floor, I see it is empty." "It is not to let," sharply responded the woman, and shut the door in his face. Thus nonplussed, he told me of his adventure, and so I determined to try and solve the mystery myself. Now I had observed a very shaggy-haired man often pass along the Crescent, and he too would gaze in at the empty room, and as his apparent means and appearance precluded all idea of his being a likely tenant, I began to watch him. I was interested, and noticed that he usually stood and looked into the room at one particular hour—half-past eleven in the morning. This naturally set me thinking. I contrived to walk out every morning for a week to post my letters at 11.25, and exactly five minutes later the grimy individual would turn up and peer pensively into the vacant apartment, and once, when purposely passing quite close to him, I heard him sigh. I went back and said:

"I beg your pardon. But surely there is a history concerning this place." He looked at me almost childishly, and turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

"I felt myself getting warm," as the children say. In some way or other this man, aged presumably about forty, seemed connected with the mystery. Returning home late one fearfully wet night, I went into a certain hostelry to get some hot spirit to shake off impending influenza, and there in the motley assembly of men and women of all shades and shadows at "The Man of Means" was the person I sought.

I kept well out of his view and waited, and then at closing time I followed him at a distance, and, to my amazement, he went to No. 10, Wilford Crescent, opened the door with a latchkey, and entered. The rain was pelting down with an accompanying heavy mist, but I was able to see through the window that he went into the room and threw himself down just as he was on a truckle bed, which I had never noticed before, which had nothing on it but a mattress.

This incident put matters on a firmer basis, and I trudged to my home near by, thinking many things.

The next day I went to "The Man of Means," and got into conversation with the landlord, just as the sleeper of the empty room entered the bar. I explained my interest, and, knowing me and my profession, he invited me into his private room. In a few words he explained the mystery of the dirty man and the clean room. The dirty man was fairly rich—the house was his own property, and his mother and sisters lived there. He never spoke to them, never saw them at any time. When they by accident perceived him in the street or standing outside the house they turned away.

Twenty years previously the prematurely old man was a gay and dashing young fellow with every chance in life of love, happiness, and prosperity. On the very night before the morning when he was going to be married to a very lovely girl who had been educated in the country—she was dressed for the bridal in this particular room, the prospective bridegroom having given up his bachelor apartment to her whilst he remained the night at an adjacent hotel—the tragedy occurred.

Having, however, the previous night, when he had surrendered the room to her, forgotten his favourite pipe and tobacco, he returned unexpectedly, and entered the house with his latchkey. He knocked at the door of his old den, and, after a sort of shuffling sound, the voice of his sweetheart asked who was there. He explained that he only wanted his pipe and tobacco, and, as she was en deshabille, she just handed them out through the slightly opened door, and he went away saying "Good-night" from his heart.

As he was passing the window he stopped to catch sight of the woman who was so soon to be his wife. Perhaps he lost himself in meditation—perhaps there was some unknown power at work. Anyhow, he remained for some time, when, just before the light was put out, he saw, not only his sweetheart, but the figure of a man as well. He saw the two embrace, and, moved by some sudden impulse, he raised his walking-stick and smashed a pane of glass of the window, and with a heartrending cry he swooned away, and sank to the ground. He was carried into the house, and did not awake until half-past eleven the next day, when he crept down to the fatal room, forced the bolted door, and there in her bridal array lay his beautiful, unfaithful bride, dead.

What became of the man, or who he was, no one ever knew—the mystery is still a mystery. And so for twenty years the room remained empty, and the young-old man did nothing but wander the streets and squares, speaking to no one. At "The Man of Means" he was well known—he dined there and drank there—always the same dinners, always the same drinks. He asked for nothing, but was served immediately he went in, and they knew by the hour he called exactly what he wanted.

One lovely summer morning when Faber and I were recounting the sad story, and going for our usual constitutional, we both looked in at the window. The room was no longer empty—it was occupied by Death. The hand of God had stricken the bridegroom in the night, and there he lay; and we crept silently down the sun-kissed street.

THE IRISHMAN'S DEFENCE.

I've *three* clear answers to the plaintiff's case,
Will cover him with shame and black disgrace.
I'll show by evidence that I'll bring for'ard
The kettle was quite broken in when 'twas borrowed;
Besides two honest witnesses I've found,
Who'll prove that I returned it whole and sound;
And once for all, the paltry case to settle,
I'll prove, myself, *I never had the kettle!*

MOODS AND CASES.

Eyeing a Pastrycook's a schoolboy stood—
Quoth I, "The *Optative* appears your mood";
"Right," cried the ready youth, with smiling face,
"And would that you were in the *Dative* case!"

BULL'S EYES.

Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, who was included in the list of new peers, has declined to take his seat in the Upper House until it is connected with the outer world by a lift. Surely he should be satisfied with the lift he has already had.

A fair dancer has insured her ankles for £1,600 each. "You see, it is with my feet that I earn my living. I think it, therefore, only prudent to insure them," the Press reports her to have said. Surely this principle, extended by other professional ladies, opens up an alarming prospect!

The Chairman of the Bristol Lunatic Asylum Committee declares that the reason for so many domestic servants being in the asylum is the worry they have to put up with from their mistresses. Nothing is said as to the number of mistresses in the asylum, or the number of husbands in the bankruptcy courts.

Mr. Murray is re-publishing "A Week at Waterloo." The advertisement states that "Scott described it as 'heartrending.' We have never been detained there quite so long, but we can quite appreciate what Mr. Scott says.

At an I.L.P. meeting, lately held at Beddington, Northumberland, at which Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., was present, the audience joined in a song, of which the following was the chorus:—

"Keir Hardie is my leader, he's just the man for me;
He will not sell his principles for £ s. d."

Quantum mutatus ab illo.

The "unco' guid" Daily News has just published another nice fat advertisement of a "Fine Art Drawing," together with an editorial "notice." That Nonconformist *conscience* again!

In a recent Chancery action, Mr. Justice Kekewich said he "failed to see any substantial difference" between the Great Northern and City "Tube" and a place of public recreation! Decency forbids our saying more.

Our old friend, Mrs. Partington, pointing out to us a newspaper contents sheet, "Channel Swim, Wolffe's Great Feat," remarked, "No doubt they *were* useful for treading the water."

The "Saturday Review" says Sir Robert Peel was gross and rude when he mispronounced the name of the sculptor Boehm.

A good example of Dutch courage was given before a sheriff's jury when it came out that eleven wealthy Antwerp merchants underwrote £129,000 worth of shares in the Anglo-French Industrial Syndicate, Limited. The jurymen who gave judgment against them each received 4d. for their trouble.

A Harley Street surgeon has told the *Daily Mirror* that
a man with a moustache has much more chance
of succeeding in life than the man without.
Naturally, for barefaced men are not trusted.

The American financier, Mr. E. H. Harriman, has paid his chauffeur £100 to cease smoking, and so preserve his nerve, regarding the payment as in the nature of life insurance. If what we read about American cigarettes be true, Mr. Harriman has made a good investment.

The earth is just now travelling at the rate of 66,000 miles an hour through millions of meteors, many of them larger than a paving stone, which are flying round the sun. If many of them drop some of us will want new hats.

It is difficult to understand why people want to swim across the Channel. There is a regular service of comfortable steamers.

"W. G." celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday by making 74 runs. We hope it will be many years before the Great Umpire gives him "out."

We read of a man found drunk who pleaded that he had been shopping for his missus. It is the old story. Give a woman a sovereign and a basket and see what a load she will bring home. Give a man a sovereign and no basket, and see what a load *he* will bring home.

Marie Corelli's new novel is called "The Treasure of Heaven." She is understood to have made all arrangements for royalties on earth.

A labourer named Smith has been telling the Marlborough Street magistrate that he has done no work for twenty-five years, and did not intend walking about to look for it. By trade he is believed to be a waiter.

De Rougemont was prevented by the authorities from riding his turtle in Avonmouth Harbour the other day. They were sorry to interfere, but glad he was not upset about it.

In the three million dollars will-case it is related of the deceased millionaire that when he imagined himself a boa constrictor it sometimes took four nurses to hold him, and that he used to get terribly angry with one of them for riding in the room on the back of a rhinoceros. We do not wish to preach; but this appears to us a terrible warning to those who habitually won't go home till morning.

There are to be penn'orths on the Bakerloobe. What we want now is ha'porths on the Metropolitan.

It was soothing to hear the denial of the petitioner in the Watson divorce case that he had never stood over his wife wielding a leg of mutton or played on the baby with a soda-water syphon. Such a proceeding would have been a gross misuse of food and drink.

The Attorney-General, it will have been noticed, has ordered a Nolle Prosequi in the case of Dr. Adcock, the "Christian Scientist," but you should be careful how you pronounce it. We recall a case in which counsel pronounced "prosequi" with a long "e." "Remember this is the last day of the term," chipped in his ludship, "so don't make things unnecessarily long."

The other day a West London wife of sixteen summoned a husband of twenty-one for desertion. The judge ordered payment of ten shillings a week, his powers in regard to the birch being limited.

Apropos of the recent whisky fire, the weather report for the same date stated "There was a good deal of Scotch mist."

Does Sir Thomas Lipton, when he is raised to the peerage, propose to revive the title of Lord Bacon?

In a recent action Mr. Philip Hemming, in the course of his evidence, having mentioned various publications to which he contributed, was asked whether he had ever written for the Harmsworth publications. He replied, "I am very happy to say I have not." Lord Northcliffe had better engage him at once, or there will be more trouble.

It is rumoured that the Government intend to introduce a Bill to prohibit translations of the classics, on the ground that they are used as cribs—and to prohibit automatic machines, as they lead to an over consumption of sweetmeats.

No. 1 of John Bull, edited by Theodore Hook, contained the statement, "the Lord Grantham is an ass." Far-seeing Theodore!

From the West London Observer:—
A YOUNG woman requires work daily as cook or would *oblige* any lady without a servant; age 27; wages 2s. a day.
Noblesse oblige!

The Daily Mirror gives the following as a good recipe for strawberry cream:—

> Half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, two and a half ounces of sweet almond oil, three-quarters of an ounce of strawberry juice, and three drops of benzoin. Take large fresh strawberries, wash and drain them thoroughly, then crush and strain the juice through a muslin cloth. Heat the first three ingredients together, remove them from the fire, and add the strawberry juice. Beat all briskly till the mixture is cold and smooth, then add the benzoin just as the mixture begins to cool.

We nearly omitted to add that this "strawberry cream" is intended for external—not for internal—use.

It is rumoured that Mr. Moreton Mandeville has lately developed a fondness for music—his favourite melody being, "Are we to *part* like this."

What it may come to:—

Irate old gentleman, who, on rising in the morning finds an encampment of loafers on his lawn, "Who the! What the!" etc.

Chorus of loafers: "It's all right, guv'nor, we're back to the land."

A bank clerk, in giving evidence, said the average life of Bank of England notes was from ten to sixty days, but that the Bank had one which was out for 111 years. *Our* bank-notes rarely outlive a day.

The Daily Telegraph, on the motor 'bus smash at Handcross Hill:—

There were but thirty-six in all on the ill-fated 'bus. The death of ten means twenty-five per cent. of the travellers were killed.

This brilliant calculation holds out hope that the day is coming when two and two will make five.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the ingenious author of "Mankind in the Making," has been experimenting in re-making the Fabians prior to trying his hand on the rest of mankind. Mr. Pease, the secretary of the Society, says that herein his "Anticipations" will not be realised. In other words, the truth at the bottom of Fabian Wells will not promote Pease.

A correspondent of the Daily News writes to protest against "*insanity* jam factories." Of course, "jam satis," whether "insanitas" or "insanus."

Rain fell on St. Swithin's Day, and now dairy purveyors and company promoters breathe again. Their anxiety about the supply of raw material during the rest of the season has been relieved.

There was a pleasant Parliamentary interlude when the Premier promised to allow a day or two longer for the discussion of the Army proposals:—

"I think," he said, "it is reasonable that a certain amount of steam might be let off."

Sir H. C.-B. should keep a firm grip on the throttle-valve.

Wanted, for Triangle Camp, Plaistow, an instructor in squaring the circle and making ends meet. Would suit an unemployed Wrangler of Socialistic proclivities and private property. Must not object to stump work and circulating the hat.

Explosive soap is the latest terror of civilisation. It was the cause of the loss of ten lives on the s.s. "Haverford." Must we then add soap to other banned and dangerous luxuries? Let's soap not!

The "Daily Telegraph's" New York correspondent reports that a certain newspaper published in Kansas gives away in each issue a red leaf, which is supposed to cure tooth-ache, appendicitis, cancer, and paralysis. Should JOHN BULL's circulation ever decline, we shall print it on mustard-plasters. Then it will be sure to draw.

Years ago a politician promised "three acres and a cow," but it has been left to the Press to fulfil the promise in part, for we see a contemporary has given a cow to a Salisbury reader, who being wise, sold it. Did you heifer see the milk of human kindness in a more condensed form?

The "Daily Mirror" says:—

"It is curious to observe that those who acquire fortunes rapidly seem liable to die at an early age."

We are getting pretty old.

Seals have been observed on the sandbanks of the Wash. If caught, they will get a jacketing.

The Cardiff Shipowners' Association urge the Government to acquire Lundy Island as a "naval base" and harbour of refuge. One wonders whether Cardiff shipowners are humourists or tragedians.

Child-bite is the latest danger announced from America. Many fathers would welcome a muzzling order for brats.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

REGULATES .. TONES .. STRENGTHENS
THE
STOMACH
LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

These three organs of the human body should work in harmony. They are almost sure to be all right when the Stomach is all right, and all wrong when the Stomach is all wrong.

Good Digestion means Pure Blood, Proper Assimilation of Food—Perfect Nutrition of Bone, Muscle and Nerve.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

HAS BEEN IN USE OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AND
HAS CURED THOUSANDS

Where any other preparation has cured hundreds, The proprietors have thousands upon thousands of letters such as this one, dated December 7th, 1905, which tells briefly the story of a man's symptoms, sufferings and cure.

MR. P. J. RUTHEN, of 14, Ophir Terrace, Ann's Hill, Gosport, Hants.—"Mother Seigel's Syrup is the most wonderful medicine I have ever tried; it has completely cured me of severe indigestion after everything else had failed for two years to help me. The first warning I had that anything was wrong, was a bad taste in my mouth in the mornings and a thickly-coated tongue. I began to have pains at the stomach after food, and wind. These grew worse and worse till the pain seemed to fill my whole body. Sometimes it was in the stomach, sometimes the chest and again round the side. Then my heart would palpitate violently if I exerted myself, and for six months I could not lie on my left side. I had no desire for food, and half starved myself for fear of the pain; naturally I lost flesh, became quite weak and could hardly get through my day's work. I tried one thing after another, but if they did relieve, it was only for a short time. Anyway, in the end I decided on getting Mother Seigel's Syrup, and before the first bottle was gone I was worlds better. All the pain left me and I could eat without fear. I only took three bottles altogether, but that was enough. I am now as well as ever in my life, and the credit is due entirely to Mother Seigel's Syrup.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP
CURES
INDIGESTION.

The 2s. 6d. bottle contains three times as much as the 1s. 1½d. size.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

J. Pitt Hardacre (Staines) sends us a copy of some interesting correspondence between himself and the Lord Mayor of Manchester. Mr. Pitt Hardacre seems to be at loggerheads with the Manchester police, and makes very serious charges against some of the officials. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the facts to express any opinion, but there appears to be something requiring an answer.

"Commercial Traveller" tells us how the present scare about tinned meats is being utilised by certain newspapers to induce English manufacturers to "grab the opportunity" of proclaiming the virtues of their commodities. He adds, however, that "so much rot has been published that the public have gone off their feed." We can quite understand it.

L. H. K. (Dalston) takes exception to Jim Crow's recent reference to the Jewish Birthday Honours, and thinks that the Jewish race is sufficiently maligned and tortured to deserve an occasional mark of royal favour, and asks whether British Jews are not as much Englishmen as ourselves. We are afraid our correspondent has taken Jim Crow too seriously.

F. M. B. (Burdett Road) has a novel complaint. He has been imprisoned for debt, and having surrendered on Monday evening, is detained till the following Saturday, whilst a Jew companion in misfortune has special Jewish food sent in to him, has not to go to chapel, and must not be kept in over Friday—that being his Sabbath eve. He also complains that pawnbrokers prefer to lend 2s. on an article rather than 4s., because they get just as much out of the loan; and, further, he thinks certain bailiffs down in the East End are in the habit of turning people out of their homes because they hold contracts for the repair of the property. These are all matters which very closely affect the lives of the poor, and are well worthy of the attention of Parliament.

W. T. M. (Lewes) thanks us for our plea for the anti-vivisector and urges the justice of applicants being heard at the commencement of business, as is done at Lewes. It is certainly a shameful thing that parents with conscientious objections to vaccination should be kept hanging about a Police Court for hours.

W. J. W. (Manchester) takes us to task for our criticism of other people's advertisements, in view of what he considers to be our own delinquencies. We can only say that we exercise every possible supervision over our advertising columns, and if W. J. W. or anyone else will prove to us that anything appearing in them is of a fraudulent character, it shall at once be removed, whatever be the consequences.

A. E. E. (Watford) shares our view that it is an iniquity that, whilst Parliament is wrangling over the particular form of religious training to be given in our schools and is establishing the doctrine that the Bible is in any case to be taken as the standard of conduct, a man should be sent to prison for obeying the Biblical injunction to pray for the recovery of his sick child. He does not see why people should be called "Peculiar" who simply believe that the Bible means what it says.

G. Z. (Brixton) asks us to "show up" the Charity Organization Society. Surely this has been done often enough.

I. I. (Preston) informs us that the gentleman who recently swallowed the watch and threepenny piece has now recovered same "after eating a substantial dinner." He had performed the feat many times before, and attributes his failure to restore them earlier to the fact that the case of the watch was not made of metal, but of pearl. He says nothing as to the composition of the threepenny piece.

Fairplay (Liverpool) thinks our Open Letter to Mr. Balfour was written "in a most offensive and disgusting manner." We have certainly been both offended and disgusted by Mr. Balfour's public actions—and this must account for it.

A. H. B. (Edinburgh) suggests that Herbert Vivian should have the Editor up before him as one of his Prisoners at the Bar. He probably will do so before long.

J. T. T. (Holloway) sends us some interesting verses on the building and removal of the Crystal Palace. We thank him.

T. A. W. (Leeds) forwards correspondence with Cunliffe, Russell and Co., whose methods we recently exposed.

G. W. E. (Hull) sends us an advertisement, cut from the *News of the World*, of Callie Gerome and Co., 83-87, Fleet Street, who offer an assortment of prizes to persons who will sell 36 packets of their seeds. G. W. E.'s son sent for and sold the 36 packets, and having selected an air-gun, for the carriage of which he sent six stamps, he got "a useless and worthless pea pistol," which came with insufficient postage, so that he had to pay something more. To add insult to injury, a fortnight later the little man received a circular in precisely similar terms from Acté and Co., offering exactly the same prizes for selling note-paper—this time addressed from 85, Fleet Street. Our correspondent thinks "the whole thing is a swindle," and that the two circulars come from one firm. He is quite right. We have sent the papers on to the police.

J. W. H. (Harwich) favours us with a cutting from the *Harwich Chronicle*, which he says has appeared week by week for the last twelve months, in which "a gentleman leaving England" seeks to dispose of his 56 guinea piano for 15 guineas, and offers to pay the carriage both ways. He describes himself as "Major." None but minors, however, will fall into this trap.

Vertute et Opera and others send us a cutting from *Good Words* containing an offer of £5 to everyone who correctly solves the old fifteen-square puzzle—which any child can do. Solutions, however, have to be accompanied by a P.O. for 2s. 6d. for some picture cards, but the advertisers—who are Fraser and Co., 51, Milton Street, London—decline to deduct the 2s. 6d. from the £5. *Verb sap.*—This also has gone on to the police.

J. T. (Clarendon Square) sends us some more Stanley and other advertisement frauds, all of which are receiving attention.

J. D. O'N. (Liverpool) thinks an advertisement of a second-hand set of false teeth worthy of a Bull's Eye. He is evidently of opinion they are eye-teeth.

T. B. (Foot's Cray) is upset by advertised cures for red noses, blushing, and other similar concoctions, appearing in *Photo Bits*. We are certainly of opinion that a purchase of any of these preparations—and they emanate from one and the same person—is not calculated to pale the colour of the purchaser's face. They are all swindles.

A. F. G. (High Holborn) sends us an interesting article on the suppression and elimination of crime, based upon the hereditary theory. He sympathises with our remarks *re* Hugh Watt, but thinks the present Home Secretary not the man to take a strong, independent line in the matter. He makes some valuable suggestions in regard to police administration and the treatment of criminals generally. Like ourselves, A. F. G. is not impressed with the value of the present Royal Commission.

J. I. (Hove) calls our attention to an advertisement in the *Daily Mail* offering knives, carvers, and steel with ivory handles, at a price which, if genuine, would not pay anything like the cost of the handles. We advise any of our readers who see this advertisement to cut it.

F. J. B. (North Shields) sends us a typewritten letter signed by the Hon. Sydney Holland, of Kneesworth Hall, Royston, Herts., and which apparently has been addressed to solicitors generally, asking them to restrain those clients who "have the extremely bad taste to think for themselves" and those testators who "have their own ideas as to the disposition of their money," in order to put in a word on behalf of the London Hospital. The object, of course, is a most laudable one, and we are sure Mr. Holland does not wish his letter to be taken too literally.

To Thin People—How to Improve.

This is a subject that has occupied the attention of eminent specialists for a number of years, but no real progress has been made until recently; many have professed to have discovered Nature's secret, but the results have been such that to maintain the increase of weight and stature would involve the continuance of expensive tonics and treatment. However, this has now been remedied by persistent research, with the result that a preparation has been formulated that will increase the weight and size of thin people, and give them that plumpness intended by Nature, without the attendant costly treatment.

The proprietors of this wonderful preparation will be pleased to give a free trial to any person interested who will call at their laboratory, or, if living at a distance, by sending six stamps for postage, etc., to the El Visto Co., Dept. P., 14, Silver Street, London, W.C.

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

A Rule Evaded.

Two-year-olds in France are not allowed to compete at all before August, but there is nothing to prevent an owner running his youngsters here, as has been the case this season with M. Ephrussi.

Avoid "A.P."

Many shrewd backers are prejudiced against going to meetings like Alexandra Park on Saturday, on the ground that they have a big chance of losing money but not seeing anything. They don't mind the loss, but they desire to know what's happening. One may as well stay at home (thus saving the heavy expenses)—and bet s.p.

Against their Own Interests.

No people are more sheeplike than the racing army—it is all a question of "fashion" with sires, bloodstock generally, trainers, or even jockeys. Thus while everybody wants to send horses to the few "fashion-"able" stables—already overcrowded—such good men as W. Burbidge, Ernest Day, W. H. Manser, and a dozen other "working" trainers are neglected! They simply don't win many races because they haven't the horses to win with.

"Your Own Odds."

Some of the s.p. agents flaunt such extraordinary promises to catch the "mugs" that it is a wonder they don't offer to allow them to bet after the time of the race. It wouldn't really matter, as regards the payment. I saw a recent Continental list offering 25 to 1 on the field for the St. Leger for cash. The real odds are about 6 to 4 Keystone, 2 to 1 Troutbeck, 5's Black Arrow, and any price others, so the bait is obvious. And the police do nothing.

Expensive Reminders.

How many have experienced buying a horse, losing ten times as much over it (by being always prejudiced in its favour), and then finally selling it in disgust for a few sovs. And even then, weeks after one has got rid of the animals, forfeits for races in which he was entered while their property keep cropping up, and the expenses of ownership seem never ending. I know of a very recent case when a horse, who never won a penny and was absolutely useless, was, by oversight, left in the Eclipse Stakes, and entailed the highest possible entry fee.

Belated Victory.

Everything comes to those who wait—even to race-horses, who compulsorily wait for years for a bracket. How many races have just a select few bogies who won, at last, during recent days, run, or how much have they cost backers who first followed them with hope and then in desperation. What contributions to the fielders' books have Fireman, Dumbarton Castle, Vedas, Vergia, and such kidney caused; last week was a regular period of retribution to stereotyped disappointments.

Surely Common Sense.

Handicaps are frequently spoiled through a horse expressly "kept" running up a sequence, coups generally being planned to allow of sufficient in hand to carry the subsequent penalty. This, to my mind, could be obviated by handicappers being permitted to follow the same plan as in athletics, viz., to alter the horse's weight *up to the time of the start*, according to the manner of his previous victory, and subsequent to the publication of the original weights. This would serve both ways, for if a horse only just squeezed home or was lucky to win, his penalty might not be made the stereotyped 7lb. or 10lb., but 2 or 3lb., so as to still give him a chance in pending races and allow the events to remain what they were intended to be and are titled, handicaps; which means that every horse is supposed to have an EQUAL chance.

"Touching Lucky."

When in "form"—otherwise luck—no man can do wrong—we all experience both sides of the medal in turn, whether we are owners, trainers, jockeys, bettors (either side), or pressmen. Some believe in the law of average, and that things must average themselves and change; others agree that when on the flood simply everything can be expected to come off—and continue. A jockey has his "runs"—Maher's recent victories prove how he can get on, or off just what he likes, and the result will be the same. He can ride anything or do anything—it will prove right—if he makes running or he's off it will work out for the best, and should any horse be beating him "something"—outside one's own control—assuredly happens to peg the other back. There is no gainsaying Maher's superb jockeyship—"hands" will do wonders upon wayward horses, and a headpiece wins many a race that hammer and tongs horsemen would lose. But luck will cap or "mar" (not Maher) the most supreme effort or the greatest unexpected result.

The Future.

It is a pity that this year's Goodwood Cup can only provoke a poor contest—"on paper," if both finally compete as intended at the moment of my writing, it must be a match between Llangibby and Plum Centre—both on the fringe of the "classics" last year. At anything up to 1½ miles I do not think the pair could possibly be reasonably handicapped, so much speedier and superior would Llangibby be, but beyond that distance it is a different game, just as PLUM CENTRE—a slow beginner—becomes a different horse. The form of the upstanding, somewhat leggy, silver-maned chestnut in getting third in Friday's Newbury Cup will be proved a better performance than it looked—then, too, he was only getting busy when the race was over. Here, with 2½ miles to go—a nice galloping course and the best of the weights, I quite expect Cannon's mount to upset the odds on Llangibby if the race is run at any pace.

Most of Goodwood's chief stakes will have been decided before these notes are in type, and the earlier running enormously influences the later handicaps. However, it is easy to see—despite his big top-weight

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—that Velocity must, if competing, take all possible beating in Friday's Chesterfield Cup, especially if Maher rides him, and in his absence, Borghese—Martin's mount—may win. Clearly, too, is Melayr given a wondrous chance, when dropped to 8st. 3lb. in the Chichester Stakes—and he may come fresh to the fray.

Stables Dually Represented.

The fact that we so often see stables dually represented in races—especially handicaps—and that not infrequently the least fancied of the two wins, raises the question as to what is due to the public, and, perhaps, as more important, what is etiquette as between owners whose horses are in the charge of one trainer? It can be truthfully said that owners, like horses, "run in all shapes." Some are indifferent, leaving everything to their trainer, and, running for sport's sake only, will have their horses started when and where they desire, irrespective of what, or whose, the opposition is. They almost invariably have their moderate investment upon their own horse, so long as they know he is well.

Others desire matters manipulated more, and carry a reasonable conviction that it is sufficient to have to beat other people's horses, not one's own stable in addition, whilst it can never be policy—as we all see at times—for the same stable to run first and second in a race, and thus practically win it twice.

A third type of owner, usually a "small" man, possesses probably only one or two horses, but expects in consequence to be thoroughly acquainted with the intentions, and secrets, of the entire stable; probably his horses have been placed with the trainer with that sole implied, although not expressed, object. Time after time we see owners and trainers fall out. There are pros and cons on each side. Much depends upon the disposition and character of the man either way, and not infrequently trainers need to be tacticians as well as trainers so as to please, or appear to please, everybody. The positions at times are certainly delicate, and no golden rule can apply to what an owner or trainer should do. When first associated, both, for a few weeks, are usually filled to overflowing with admiration for the other. The one is termed a "splendid trainer"—the owner "one of the best." A few months afterwards it is frequently very much the other way round, and after a dissolution of interests—probably partnership in some horses (for it is always policy if possible to get your trainer equally interested in the horse), the opinions previously given tongue to on both sides are very much reversed. The two-sided expressions coming so quickly together are most amusing to hear; owners then having wonderful stories to relate as to how their trainers have played them up," the trainers' tale being that the owner wanted to "train the horses himself" (possibly also extending his volunteered services to other people's horses), and "messed him about" beyond a point to be endured.

Owners' Fancies.

All owners and trainers are human, and all humans have their likes, dislikes, fancies and superstitions. Thus in turn almost every owner has a distinct *penchant* for some particular, probably out of the way, race meeting. He wants to win there by reason of some old-time or almost absurd association. How frequently, for instance—in this case engendered by that indescribable craze after "fashion"—do we see horses throw away stakes of enormous value to be saved to win events of one-tenth the amount at "Aristocratic Ascot" or "Glorious Goodwood." I am not including cases in which the horse itself is considered, insomuch as that he either needs further time to be "wound up" by a particular race meeting, or runs better upon a left or right-handed course as the case may be. My point is that irrespective of every extraneous matter, and for the sheer desire to see their colours in front at some particular gathering for personal reasons, horses are extraordinarily reserved, and the most severe sacrifices, financial and other, made to achieve an object. At Ascot, back whatever John Porter runs was the inveterate cry, and proven safe policy—now it is follow Lambton's horses at Liverpool, Lord Carnarvon's colours at Newbury, Mr. Hardy's at Manchester, Mr. Hibbert's at Leicester, and so on through dozens of similar cases. When trainers "lay them out" for any special meeting it is usually policy to follow them—almost blindly—as was proved again last week both at Aintree, where Lord Derby's representatives were irresistible, or at Newbury, where "Dick" Dawson's charges won four races—and Darling two the first day.

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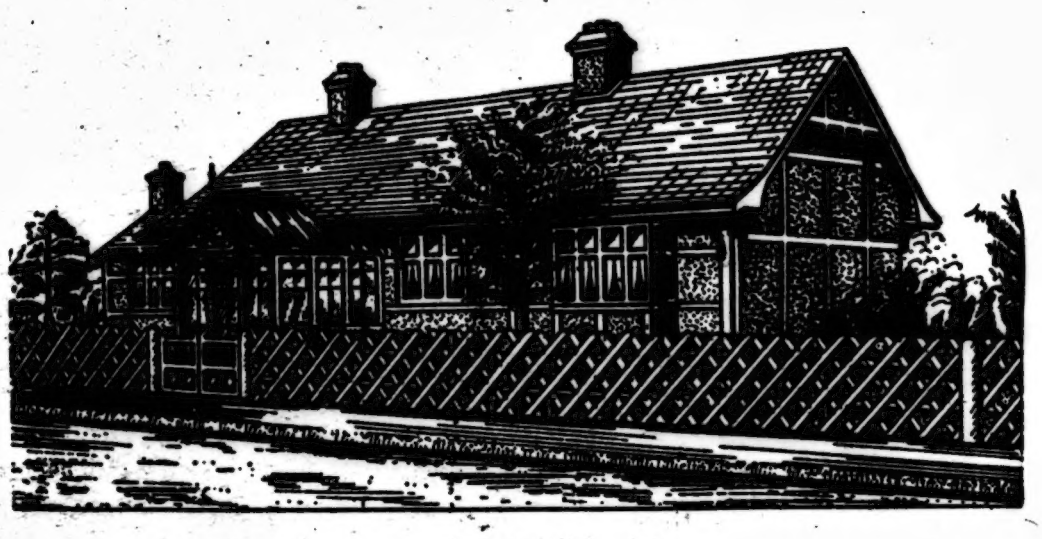

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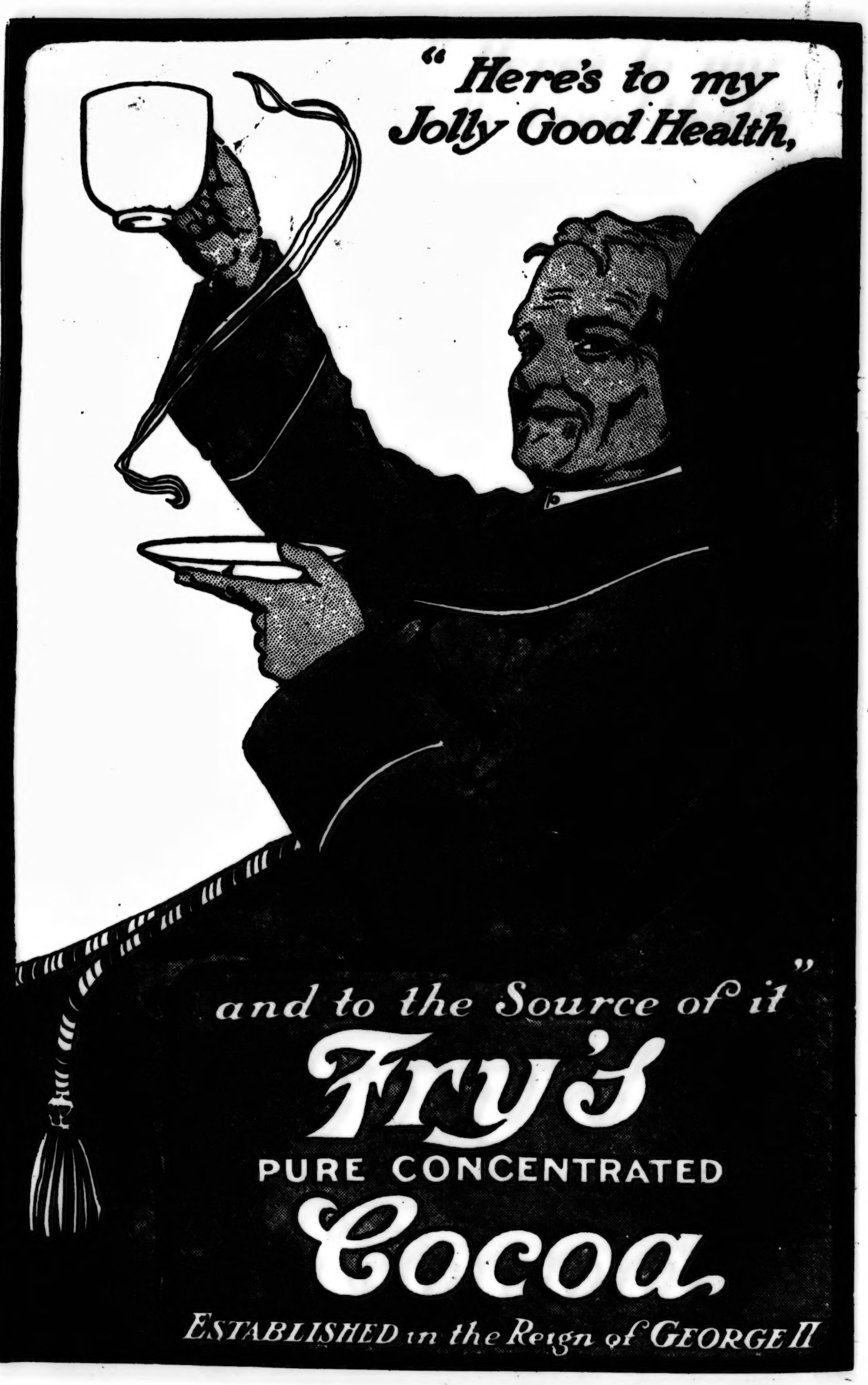

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